Week ending January 28 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

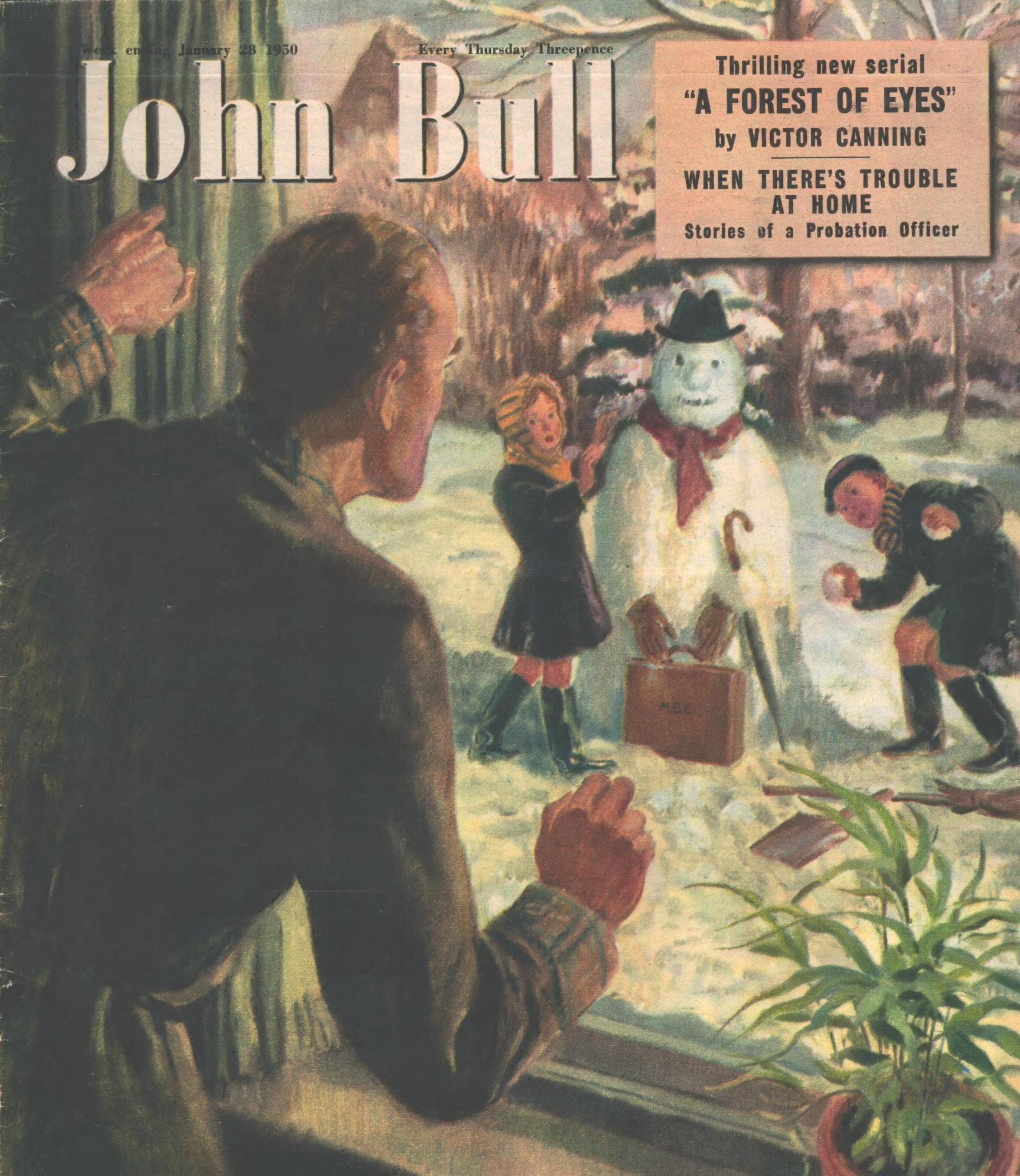
Thrilling new serial

"A FOREST OF EYES"

by VICTOR CANNING

WHEN THERE'S TROUBLE AT HOME

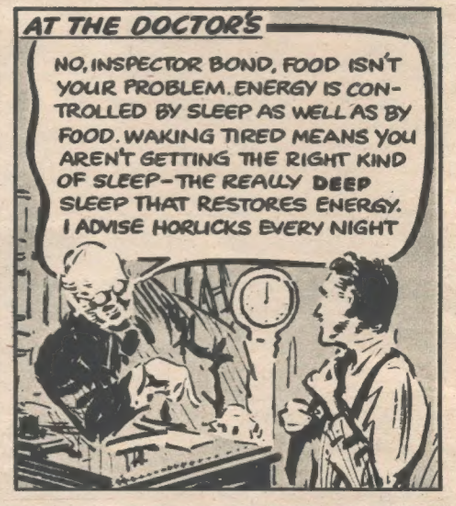
Stories of a Probation Officer



The case of the Missing Rubies

POLICE! MY RUBY NECKLACE HAS BEEN STOLEN. COME AT ONCE!
CALLING CAR 21. JEWEL ROBBERY REPORTED 11 COTTON GROVE. PROCEED THERE AT ONCE...
POLICE
A BIG CHANCE AT LAST—
THINKS
IF I WEREN'T SO TIRED ALL THE TIME

2 WEEKS LATER
THE RUBY CASE IS CLOSED, MILLIE. IT'S BEATEN ME. IT'S THIS TIREDNESS. I EVEN WAKE TIRED. WONDER IF IT'S THE DULL DIET WE GET THESE DAYS?
ASK THE DOCTOR, DARLING


AT THE DOCTOR'S
NO, INSPECTOR BOND, FOOD ISN'T YOUR PROBLEM. ENERGY IS CONTROLLED BY SLEEP AS WELL AS BY FOOD. WAKING TIRED MEANS YOU AREN'T GETTING THE RIGHT KIND OF SLEEP—THE REALLY DEEP SLEEP THAT RESTORES ENERGY. I ADVISE HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT

TEN MINUTES LATER
SO THE RUBIES WEREN'T STOLEN, CHIEF. SHE WAS SNAPPED WEARING THEM THAT NIGHT. SHE HID THEM AND GOT THE INSURANCE
WELL DONE, BOND!

DO *YOU* WAKE UP TIRED?

EVEN WHEN you've had 8 hours' sleep, do you wake tired in the morning? Often feel tired all day?

Perhaps you too have been saying, "It must be the dull diet we get nowadays." But food isn't the only answer. Our energy is controlled by sleep, as well as by food. If you wake tired, it proves you are not getting the right kind of sleep. You need *deep* sleep to restore lost energy.

Have a hot cup of Horlicks every night. Soothing Horlicks helps the body to relax in *deep* sleep. In the morning, you wake feeling really rested, wonderfully refreshed.

HORLICKS

EDITORIAL

A dry future unless we stop wasting water

SCIENTISTS AGREE THAT the British climate is gradually getting drier. It is going back to what it was like 2,000 years ago.

But 2,000 years ago this island had a tiny population which used very little water for washing or cleaning or anything else. It was not important to have a heavy and reliable rainfall in order to keep reservoirs full.

Today, with a population of nearly fifty millions which not only likes to wash, but also needs great quantities of water for industry, we are in a very different position. We are faced with a chronic water shortage.

Each of us uses an average of twenty per cent more water daily than before the war. If water-use goes on increasing at the present rate, it will have doubled by 1970.

So there are two jobs to be done. The engineers must lay on more water. The public must waste less.

The engineers' task is the more difficult. Throughout the war years no new reservoirs were built or plant installed, and much of the old equipment, including mains and filters, fell into decay.

Money, labour and materials are all lacking to catch up with arrears and increase supplies in anticipation of larger demands.

The water engineer's nightmare is the number of new taps which are turned on every day. Standards of personal hygiene, say Health Ministry investigators, are rising. That means more water. Industry is running at full blast on higher production than ever before. That means more water. Agriculture is being modernized, with new standards of cleanliness in stock-raising and more intensive cultivation. That means more water. New houses are being occupied at the rate of thousands a week. *That*, too, means more water.

WATER, water everywhere, and not a drop of comfort for the engineers!

What happens when they plan a big new water scheme with a dam and a reservoir? Time and again there is an outcry because they want to flood hundreds of acres of valuable farmland —to say nothing of damaging the scenery.

Even if all the objections have been brushed aside and the project has been blessed by local authorities and Whitehall alike, shortages caused by the economic crisis may make it impossible to go ahead.

Thus, for the most part, the engineers are now forced to concentrate on stopping leaks in their existing water systems—and on praying for plenty of rain.

Technically, they are now well equipped to find leaks in mains and pipes which cause waste. Listening devices tell them if a trickle at a faulty joint is developing into an underground torrent. Checks on the rate of difference between the outflow at peak hours and in the early morning, when water-use is at a minimum, reveal whether or not an abnormal wastage is going on.

But it is the human element in water waste which still baffles the engineers. Gas and electricity consumption is measured exactly by meter in every building where it is used, and every consumer knows exactly what he must pay for it. Moreover, he knows that the more he uses the more he will have to pay, so he exercises reasonable care.

There is no such check with water.

BECAUSE of this, water-users—which means all of us—are rather a happy-go-lucky lot.

People seldom stop to think that tap-water is an expensive commodity which has to be collected, perhaps a hundred miles away, stored, cleaned and distributed during twenty-four hours a day, every day.

Only a minority of the population writes cheques for the water rate—the rest of us tend to regard water as free and unlimited.

Hence all the extravagance—the leaky taps, the continuous flushing systems left running, the swilling away of millions of gallons unnecessarily, not only in private homes but in offices and even in industrial processes where the same water might well be used twice over.

Expensive propaganda against waste has so far been only mildly effective. Even in summers of extreme water scarcity, people have had to be deterred from waste by the threat of rationing.

It is obvious that only by drastic practical measures, vigorously applied, can we hope to avert the catastrophic water famine which is now visibly approaching this country.

We must use all technical means of cutting out waste, especially in industry. We must strike a balance between the claims of water supply and those of agriculture.

We must modernize the mains system as quickly as possible. For one ancient main pipe which leaks at the joints wastes more water than hundreds of dripping taps.

At least twenty per cent of our water supply is wasted—poured away for no good purpose. Cut out that waste now and we would have a margin of water—as well as of time—to modernize the plant and educate the public.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
JANUARY 28, 1950 VOLUME 87 NUMBER 2274 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

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Nearly five hundred rounds a minute whenever you squeeze your trigger finger —that's really shooting! This was taken on manœuvres off Gib. when our team won top points for high angle gunnery. She was a grand ship—a great set of shipmates, good food and plenty of it, and lots of encouragement to put in for promotion (with extra pay). Here's hoping I'll be with her in the next commission . ."

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Did Housework, nursed Husband,

NO SLEEP... NO REST...

Weak and exhausted

This poor woman tells us that while she was recovering from a major operation her husband fell ill. She became weak and exhausted nursing him, doing housework — all with little sleep or rest. Then, she says, she bought a bottle of PHOSFERINE which "gave me NEW strength and NEW life."

found **NEW STRENGTH, NEW LIFE** *in* **PHOSFERINE**

says Mrs. D.R.H., of Worthing

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

PHOSFERINE 1/6 & 3/8 Available in Liquid or Tablet Form. 10 drops equal 2 Tablets

for Depression, Debility, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, after Influenza

NEW! for your beauty bath

This

BIG BATH SIZE

"I've always adored Lux Toilet Soap," says Linda Darnell. "It keeps my skin smooth, clear, and so *soft!* And now it's thrilling to have this big bath size! It makes my daily bath a real skin-beautifier, and leaves such a lovely alluring fragrance."

You'll be thrilled, too, with the big bath-size Lux Toilet Soap. It's the same soap you've used in toilet size, beloved by the film stars. You *can* get Lux Toilet Soap now. Ask your shopkeeper! Toilet size, 5d. Big bath size, beautifully wrapped—only 10d!

Like 9 out of every 10 film stars, Linda Darnell, star of 20th Century-Fox's "Slattery's Hurricane," believes that only Lux Toilet Soap, used daily, can truly safeguard the creamy, flawless loveliness of her complexion. And for a fragrant beauty bath, it's just perfect!

LUX TOILET SOAP

Used by 9 out of 10 film stars

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In a very short time Dolcin has proved its ability to bring PROMPT relief to sufferers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Fibrositis and Lumbago, thus repeating the successful results obtained in America and Canada.

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DOLCIN is NON-TOXIC: it will not harm the heart or any other organ. It can be taken safely for long periods. Dolcin is recommended by doctors and used in clinics and hospitals throughout Great Britain. Your chemist will supply you with Dolcin in bottles of 100 tablets for 10/- and 500 tablets for 45/- including tax. Make sure you get genuine Dolcin — the original and tested compound.

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Free Speech

RIGHT ADDRESS IS WRONG

As I am vicar of Ivinghoe, a village in Buckinghamshire, you would imagine that my letters should be addressed: The Vicarage, Ivinghoe, Bucks. Many of those who write to me from outside the county obviously share this view. But they are wrong, and if they insist on the geographically correct address, their letters may be delayed. For the Post Office has decreed that my address is: The Vicarage, Ivinghoe, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

So I am expected to tell my correspondents what is virtually an untruth and pretend that Ivinghoe is in Bedfordshire—although it most certainly isn't. And I am often thought to be in the wrong diocese (owing to my postal address) and to come under the wrong Bishop.

By what right does the G.P.O. change one's county of residence and confuse one's friends, when surely all that is needed is an internal administrative instruction, in the sorting offices?

Does this sort of thing happen in other parts of the country, and, if so, why does the public put up with it?—Rev. A. S. Berey, The Vicarage, Ivinghoe.

Holiday Too Long

Do many mothers (like myself) sit back in happy relief now that the children have gone back to school? My two sons, aged eight and five, were scrapping freely for a week before school began, thoroughly bored. Three weeks' holiday is too long for children at Christmas and we dread the six weeks' holiday in the summer.

Would it not be better to have ten days for Christmas, four weeks in the summer and a week instead of one day at each half term?—Mother, Middlesex.

Tramps Have Vanished

Fifty years ago, I was a tramp on the roads of England. In those days a tramp was harshly treated. Many preferred to go to jail rather than put up with the bullying of workhouse labour masters.

As a member of the Hobo Fellowship of America, I was recently asked by *Hobo News* of New York to write an article about the tramps of England. I went into the highways and by-ways of my native Kent, where tramps of both sexes used to be very numerous. Believe me, I could not find any tramps to write about. A parson told me I was the first he had seen for many months.—Hobo Jack, Woolwich.

Holding Up Wilfred

Your picture of Wilfred Pickles in pantomime (John Bull, December 31) shows Wilfred supposedly held daintily in mid-air by a few chorus girls. Are these girls really weight-lifters in disguise, is it all done by mirrors, or has your cameraman been up to tricks?—Mrs. V. M. Green, Lucretia, Hambledon Road, Anthill Common, Denmead, Portsmouth, Hants.

No mirrors. No tricks. Seven girls were shown holding Wilfred. His weight: ten stone—twenty pounds per girl.

Young Sportsmen

Let J. Halliday, who wrote about vanishing sportsmanship ("Free Speech," December 31) look to the youth of this country. As captain of my former school's cricket team and a member of the soccer team, I can vouch for the sportsmanship in both these games.

Never on the field or off have I witnessed anything resembling the disgusting arguments which occur too often in the games of our elders. The fanatical, one-sided attitude of supporters is absent from the school sports field.—Sportsman, Cornwall.

Roundsman Knows Best

Rationing of milk is off again. Surely it would be better left in the hands of roundsmen who, anyway, have to take matters into their own hands when they get a short supply.—Roundsman, Durham.

Fidgety Footprints

Rowland Hilder's cover painting (John Bull, January 7) is the most artistic thing of the kind I have seen during sixty years of magazine reading. But my wife thinks that if those horses had just traversed the lane, it should show their footprints.—T. J. Dougan, 5 Lucerne Avenue, Southbourne, Bournemouth.

Rowland Hilder writes: At one time, when I was painting the picture, there was a line of well-marked footprints down the lane. But they gave a fidgety, fussy effect which destroyed the serenity of the scene. So I painted them out and left only a faint suggestion of footprints, which can still be seen.

Dummy Blondes

Ventriloquists sometimes use female dummies and it is not so rare as your correspondent ("Free Speech," January 7) seems to think. My father had two dummies, a male and a female, which he called Darby and Joan. He always used them together, one on each knee.—M. Megson, Ash Cottage, Kingswood Way, Selsdon, Surrey.

Knights Of The Railway

My sister-in-law recently had to make a long journey by train while she was in a plaster jacket awaiting an operation. We inquired if we could book a seat for her and were told to contact the inspector on the day of departure. As soon as the train came in, he put a reserved label on a compartment and called the ticket inspector travelling with the train.

The ticket inspector assured us she would be all right and he went along to see her in the compartment several times during the journey and also sent morning coffee in for her. This was a case of plain human kindness.—Mrs. J. Allcock, 26 Lincoln Avenue, Alvaston, Derby.

A Parent's Shame

While I agree with the schoolmistress who wrote that the punishment of children should be left to the teachers ("Free Speech," January 7), there is one heartless practice which should be stopped.

My own child often comes home to say she has been made to stand up in front of the class (with others) because they go to school clean every day. Do I feel proud? Not on your life. My sympathies are with the children with dirty dresses and sweaters and pinned-up clothes (and empty stomachs?). What must their thoughts be?—Parent, Nottingham.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

I can't thank you enough . . .

"*. . . for telling me about Tampax. I never imagined anything could be so comfortable. What a wonderful difference it makes to 'those difficult days'.*"

Thousands of women now bless the day a friend persuaded them to try Tampax. This new, completely different form of sanitary protection is *worn internally*. It just *cannot* chafe, or cause embarrassment. It's daintier, more hygienic, safer, and so *much* more comfortable. Ask your chemist for Regular Tampax No. 1, price 1/9, or Super Absorbent Tampax No. 2, price 2/- per packet of 10.

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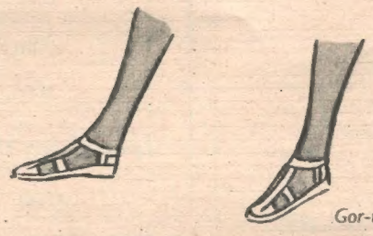
GOR-RAY COMPLETES THE PICTURE



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from all over the world blend to produce its glorious fragrance. This silk-soft powder gives comfort and daintiness to the most sensitive skin.

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UNEXPECTED GUESTS?

"Quickly, the Cupkaff!"

Cupkaff came swiftly to the rescue! Over cups of this fragrant ready-to-serve coffee, conversation flowed as between old friends. Cupkaff is made from choice ripe coffee beans, freshly roasted, ground and brewed. We add chicory to bring to life the full, exciting flavour you find in continental coffee.

Cupkaff

ONLY 1/10½

ONE OF THE FAMOUS
RED, WHITE & BLUE COFFEES

Why Cupkaff makes MORE coffee

There is not a grain of waste in a whole jar of Cupkaff because it is coffee made soluble—coffee in a fine extra-concentrated powder, with chicory added for the real continental flavour. It contains no other ingredients to give bulk at the expense of strength. That's why you need only *half* a teaspoonful. THERE ARE 40 CUPS OF FRAGRANT FULL-STRENGTH COFFEE IN EACH JAR.

MADE IN THE CUP—SAVES WASHING UP!

Take not more than half *a teaspoonful of Cupkaff, pour on boiling water, and milk and sugar to taste and there's a glorious cup of coffee for you!*

less milk - less money - less time

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Smear a little NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy inside nostrils and sniff it up. 'Nostroline' quickly loosens the grip of Catarrh. Frees you from stuffed-up and congested breathing passages, sore nostrils, nose-blowing and attendant symptoms. 'Nostroline' halts secretion. Soothes soreness. Checks infection. Doctors prescribe 'Nostroline' so you can buy it with confidence. All Chemists, 2s.

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- *Express freight trains*
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Your move, sir! If you have goods for transport, why not talk it over with your local Goods Agent? He will gladly give you full information.

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I used to curse that man . . .

"There goes the Refuge Agent—good luck to him! I used to curse him though—told me how to grow roses and talked life assurance at the same time. I wasn't a good listener until that awful business down the road . . . The widow was just about destitute. Made me think—I realised what it would cost for Mary to keep up this house and give the kids a good start. After that—I met the Refuge chap at the gate . . ."

Issued by the **Refuge** *Assurance Company Ltd.*

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R153a

Real well-being and "regularity" can be yours through a delicious breakfast-food the *natural* way

Not a drug, not a medicine—but a food that adds nature's *bulk* to today's starchy diet—in a delicious, ready-to-serve-for-breakfast form. Sometimes in a couple of days, generally within a fortnight, All-Bran starts you on a new lease of life, makes you wonder how you lived without it!

HERE'S HOW: The soft foods eaten nowadays are almost entirely absorbed and give bowel muscles no "bulk" to grip. All-Bran provides bulk and gently, naturally, keeps the system regular. Result: freedom from constipation in a week or two. 7½d. a packet, from all grocers.

GIVES YOU "GO" · KEEPS YOU FIT · MAKES YOU "REGULAR"

"I do like a dog with some life in him..."

Just say the word 'Walks!' and he's off!

Dinner — and is he ready for it!

Best-looking dog in the street is Scamp — and he knows it!

Well, that's Scamp — one of the family!

One Bob Martin's once a day will help to give your dog a rich blood supply, healthy bones and teeth, and the good, warm coat nature intended for him.

In balanced proportions, each tablet contains vitamins and mineral substances which supplement the diet of the domesticated dog, and are necessary to keep him really fit.

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets are sold in two sizes of carton at 8d. and 1/8d.

BOB MARTIN'S

For doggy good health

BEWARE of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply *pure "LIVE" Yeast* in palatable form. And "live" Yeast is the **richest natural source of all the B vitamins.** You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way.

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50 Tablets 1/3, 150 for 3/-, 300 for 5/-

But be sure you ask for Phillips Tonic Yeast—the *real "live"* Vitamin Yeast.

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TONIC YEAST

Why are we American visitors disliked?

by ELIZABETH RANDALL

Is it plain jealousy? Or do we behave stupidly and badly abroad? Probably a bit of both. I for one can't afford to throw dollars around, but I can understand how we're to blame for the foreign illusion of our grandeur

World tourist Elizabeth Randall looks at Exeter. "Taxi? No I'm quite used to travelling by bus"

IT HAS BEEN SIXTEEN MONTHS since I left the States. In that time I have practically traversed the globe, but I have found it strangely difficult to travel at face-value. I am looked upon as a walking dollar sign, insulated from the world of reality by a limitless bank account. And I am expected to conform to the pattern of behaviour which the world regards as American.

Since this pattern is as unnatural to me as it is to most of my countrymen at home, I have been curious as to where other people pick up their ideas about us. Partly, it seems, their concept of American life is implanted by our cinema and our journals with their colourful advertising, neither of which portray the American scene.

Americans themselves, however, in their contacts abroad, have created and fostered part of the myth. Following in the wake of our two major foreign invasions—troop and tourist—I am constantly reminded how far this misrepresentation has been carried.

We have shown ourselves to others as soft, spoiled darlings, lacking in maturity and realism, and arrogant of our power without any reverence for its meaning.

Flaunting The Dollar

The commonest cause of our creating this impression is our careless flaunting of the dollar. Whatever welcome we are afforded in other countries is, therefore, aimed at possible leaks in our pocket book and, in general, implies neither respect nor liking.

The matter was summed up by an honest Swiss, who said to me: "We don't want you; we just want your dollars."

As an average working American who happened to get a job abroad and an unexpected chance to travel, I find it rather embarrassing to be loved for my money—because I don't have any. I'm particularly sensitive, therefore, to being hailed as a rich American and to this idea that we can afford anything.

After hopeless searching, I inquired of a London hotel clerk where I might find a room for the night. He looked at me shrewdly.

"American? They usually stop at the Savoy. Some at Claridge's. Have you tried them?"

Now why should he so naturally expect me to go first to the most expensive places in town? And why should the Englishman who offered his well-meant assistance take it as such a matter of course that he should call a taxi for me because I'm an American? I am quite used to buses.

Yes—Third Class

It was in the baggage depôt at Florence that a young Italian, bitten by curiosity about American women and expecting a handout, offered to carry my suitcases to the train. Halfway there he turned to ask: "Which class? First or second?"

"Third," I replied.

He stopped and looked at me incredulously. An American travelling third class? Impossible! They never *had* to deprive themselves of comfort. I repeated myself twice before he was capable of action.

It was the same with the ticket-office clerk at the Italian-Swiss frontier who, entering the station restaurant where I was eating and discovering I was an American, suggested in high humour that I buy his dinner. This precipitated an argument that made the tiny room rock, and I made up in intensity what I lacked

in Italian. But he remained unconvinced: "They're all rich. Every American buys first-class tickets. Nobody here travels first class."

I met a similarly exaggerated reaction in Lucerne when my last cheque arrived. It had to cover my return to Italy and then get me to my final destination in England. The teller cashed it in Swiss francs. I said I was leaving in a week and asked if it wouldn't be better to take it in American currency.

"You'll spend this here this week," he replied disinterestedly. "When you get another draft, you can change whatever's left for dollars."

The foreign illusion of our grandeur is easily accounted for. I have touched major ports and capitals in the Far East, Middle East and Europe, and I have found that the American is pretty well "pegged" everywhere.

He seldom carries the correct change for purchases; he overtips, and often has no idea of local values.

Merchants and tradesmen feel no remorse in "doing" an American if they can get away with it. A cameo dealer near Sorrento who mistook me for a Continental, confided that the price tag on the brooch I was looking at was just for Americans.

In a guest house in Switzerland and again in a pension in Rome my bill was padded when it became known I was American. I blamed first the landladies and then my careless countrymen who have spread this fable of our being easy "touches."

The Three-price System

It is so well established in the East that we are worth an extra margin of profit that a three-price system has grown up: one for us, one for resident Europeans, one for natives.

Yet, were every person leaving the States today to be cautious with money, it would be almost impossible to efface the legend built up by our troops during the war. Stories of their fabulous spending persist.

It is said in Manila that soldiers and sailors strode the streets after the liberation with literally *stacks* of bills —amounting to hundreds of dollars— in their hands. They demanded anything available, not caring for the cost, only looking for a place to get rid of their pile. Nor has it been forgotten in Britain that our troops came over and outbid your own people on scarce articles.

"This is the one thing that created a lot of bad feeling," an older Englishman told me. "Being human, the shopkeepers wouldn't give a thing to us if they thought a young Yank would come along and pay more."

Among merchant officers and crews of other fleets, I met the same resentment. They were paid about half as much as our seamen, said the third officer of the British cargo ship on which I sailed from Manila, and couldn't compete in ports where they met the Americans.

Our dollar display might be forgiven if we showed evidence of being good sports and taking things as they come. Unfortunately, this is not the balance of our record abroad.

One healthy-looking American male in a Swiss travel agency was changing his arranged tour because looking at the Alps the day before from a sightseeing bus had exhausted him so. Another fat-jowled little man was practically sobbing over the fact that the drain plug in his hotel room didn't work properly.

If anything ever gave the Russians good cause to talk about American decadence, it is the need for pampering and lack of self-reliance we display when travelling abroad. Faced with the alternative of walking one block to a station and buying a train ticket outright or waiting around to pay a hotel porter to do it for them, many of my countrymen would choose the latter.

Small Problems, Big Noise

They flock towards the inquiry bureaux. And it's so typical to hear an American ask questions like: "And what will I do on *Tuesday?*"

If our problems are small, the noise we make over them is not. People listening have their minds on more elemental bread-and-butter worries and are contemptuous.

Growling is not an American monopoly! In every country it's considered an inalienable right to complain how badly off its people are. Let them hear us, though, and they hold it in the comparative light of angels complaining because heaven isn't good enough.

We fail to appreciate that others are continually measuring our position by theirs. This is another corn our troops stepped on heavily and it still hurts.

"The American soldier was a baby who went to war with an ice-cream cone, dragging his cinema behind him," said an American woman who was in England during the war.

There was too much of a comfort-boy act in a situation that others felt did not warrant it. And, say people among whom our troops were stationed, too much crying for home and mama.

This is not belittling the courage and real sacrifices of Americans in uniform. Our reputation suffers, not because we are incapable of standing up to reality, but because we have to be hit over the head so hard before we will give up our silver spoons.

One cannot travel far in the post-war world without being conscious of American power. This imparts a sense of reflected glory to the American abroad. He sees himself, too often, as a benefactor in the foreign scene; reconstructing war-torn areas, bolstering up the Western economies, supplying the capital and technique.

Others take a less heroic point of view. They regard it as an accident of wealth. It is a matter of our having a large industrial machine, undamaged by war.

Sarcastic Shopkeeper

No matter how badly they need our help, they will never agree that it's a one-sided proposition. I was reminded of this in England one day when I bought an American magazine and remarked on the high price.

"Yes, that's how the Yanks get their dollars back," replied the shopkeeper sarcastically.

To them, credit-lending is a big business transaction from which we stand to gain the profits. I have heard this expressed in the South Pacific and Far East, also.

Often, the pride our prestige engenders blossoms into full-flowered arrogance. The American-way-of-life-is-a-model-for-the-world attitude. Our foreign hosts would prefer it if we did not thrust ourselves on them so boldly. They have ideas, customs, and traditions of which they're equally proud.

I never realized before how the blatant accents of our speech cut across a roomful of people talking in other languages. It makes us immediately conspicuous, but we carry on in blissful unawareness. Then, our presence announced, we move in like steam-rollers.

Our self-satisfaction is so great that we pass over the richness and variety of foreign life. Some Americans abroad never leave home. They wrap themselves in a cocoon of Americanisms and stay within circumscribed areas where this is catered for.

Up To The Foreigner

Very few know or learn anything of the native language, and all their contacts are filtered. If they get as far as a few places in the guide book, local colour passes for understanding.

With a certain presumptuousness, too, they expect others to make all the adjustments—speak English, have the foods we are used to and know our habits. These Americans leave a bigger imprint on the lands they touch than the lands leave on them.

I have discovered that people in other lands do not want to emulate everything American. Once, looking for an open restaurant in Italy with a friend on Sunday afternoon, we discovered we were ignoring local custom. The Italian we made inquiries of told us bluntly to find out the meal hours and eat then. When in Rome . . . and we'd better learn it.

When in Cairo it's much the same way. You can clamour against the stupidity of shops closing for three-hour siestas, but someone will remind you they've been living this way for generations and you're not going to change them now. They like it.

Unfortunately, nothing makes such an impact as first-hand impressions. What we do passes for American. Above everything else, people all over the world have drawn one glaring conclusion about us: *that our comprehension of their position is merely mental.*

We show no signs of knowing by experience what it's all about. One part of the world lost everything it had in the war; most of the other part never had anything to lose. We are apparently in neither position.

There is, therefore, the others argue, no common ground for us to walk on. They doubt that we feel and think as they do. They wonder if we can lead a world about which we know so little.

Appearances Mislead

This face we have shown abroad is misleading. The wide body of American people are engaged in the self-same struggle as everyone else to make ends meet. Their home life, their work, their amusements are much less different than others have been led to believe. I find myself constantly defending this real America.

In a *comparative* way, however, there is some truth in the judgment that has been passed. As a nation we are a "have" among "have-nots" and move with a security and independence unique in the world today. As people we are too far removed from the survival level to understand what drives most of humanity.

"For ever defending the real U.S." Elizabeth Randall (left) in Devon

A FOREST OF EYES

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER OLIPHANT

Raikes led the way. As they crested a small rise, a long finger of searchlight swept over the water

That morning, Hudson had been at Raikes's funeral. Now he was talking to him.

. . . Continuing John Bull's brilliant serial of espionage in Tito's Jugoslavia

THE BULLET THAT SLASHED through Vladimir Zarko's newspaper and ricocheted off the wall behind him, suspending the music of the orchestra and the murmur of voices in the Dubrovnik café, was of no importance in itself. Merely another ineffectual protest by the half-crazed parent of some "bourgeois traitor" son.

But the incident served to introduce Zarko, the local chief of police, to Robert Hudson and John Raikes. And it gave Hudson a pretext to speak to Franja Pazan, the girl singer whose arm had been grazed by the spent bullet. Franja accepted Hudson's handkerchief for a bandage, but broke off the conversation. She could not afford to be seen talking with an Englishman.

Zarko smiled inwardly. He knew all about Franja. And, as a member of O.Z.N.A., the Jugoslav secret police, he already knew quite a bit about Hudson and Raikes. Hudson, the engineer, tallish and dark; Raikes, the Board of Trade official, shorter, fleshier, flippant and sensual. "Not to be trusted alone with a bottle or a woman," Zarko commented to himself.

The pair were whiling away a couple of weeks in Dubrovnik before returning to Belgrade to conclude a contract for mining equipment. They were recent acquaintances, yet Hudson had already conceived a real friendship for his untidy, happy-go-lucky companion.

Later, Raikes went for a swim along the coast, while Hudson took a siesta. When Hudson awoke, he walked down the hillside towards the shore. On the way, he passed two men carrying a body on an improvised stretcher. The dead man had stepped on a land mine. The mutilated body wore Raikes's clothing, and on the wrist was Raikes's watch. . . .

The death was a hideous shock to Hudson. It was a shock, too, to other people. . . . To Milo Lepovitch, an official from Ozna, the Secret Police, looking for a spy who was being helped to escape from the country by a British agent. And to the unknown peasant girl who left a bouquet of roses on the grave with card: "As long as memory lasts so will my love."

That evening, taking his regular bathe, Hudson was hailed by a boatman.

"Signore Hudson," the man called urgently. "You must swim to that island over there. It is very important."

Hudson did so. As he pulled himself out of the water, he saw a man waiting for him. It was Raikes.

PART II

Raikes Tells His Story

RAIKES turned and began to follow a small track through the juniper and low oaks. As they crested a small rise Hudson saw a long finger of searchlight flash out from the far end of the island on the seaward side. The beam dragged across the water in a semi-circle, paused and then swept back. Over his shoulder Raikes said quietly: "There's an army post at the far end of the island."

They dropped down the side of a small slope and stopped outside a log hut built back into the fall of the ground. Raikes entered and Hudson followed. Hudson heard the scratch of a match after the door closed and in the small gleam saw Raikes move to a table and light a couple of candles stuck in bottles. The details of the hut came forward from the shadows.

"Welcome to Liberty Hall." Raikes hooked a stool forward to the table and, as Hudson sat down, he reached for a bottle from the window shelf and poured a couple of drinks. He sat down opposite, raised his glass and they drank. Hudson put down his glass.

"Whisky?"

"Yes. There's still some about—if you know the right people. And sometimes, just to stay alive, it's important to know them."

Hudson smiled. "I prefer it if you begin at the beginning and go straight on."

"I'm only going to tell you as much as you need to know. If anything goes wrong . . . then what you don't know you can't tell."

"That seems logical."

"It's practical, too. Every country in the world has means of making men speak. What they don't know they can't tell."

He was silent for a moment, finishing his drink. "Listen. I spent a great deal of my boyhood on this coast. My father—he was a London wine importer—had a summer house on one of the islands. I speak the language like my own and I have friends in the country. One of them is in Dubrovnik—the fisherman who spoke to you just now. During the war I was up and down this coast on Naval Intelligence. This fisherman, Sandro, worked for us—he still does. But now he's had enough. You can only carry on so long. Now, he's going back to Italy. That's where he came from. I'm not a Board of Trade official, but I do have a semi-official government position."

Hudson filled his glass as Raikes paused, waiting for his reaction. Half a dozen small memories from their days in Belgrade entered his mind. "Go on."

"I came to this country with you for two reasons, one because we like to make a legitimate entry and exit if we can, and two, because when we heard Sandro was getting out we hoped it would be possible for him to take someone else with him. I was given the job of arranging for that person to go with Sandro."

"And this someone else?"

"All I can tell you, and it's all you need to know, is that it is someone at the Hotel Argentina. What I want you to do is to pass a message from me when the time comes, explaining how the escape is to be made. After that you can forget the whole business."

Raikes paused to drain his glass and Hudson could see that for all his outer

calm he was enjoying himself. His own feelings he held firmly in check until the confusion should have cleared.

"You're not telling the story very well. It's full of gaps. Who was it that was killed by a land mine, and why couldn't you have stayed alive to pass the message yourself?"

"The man who was killed was Luca—one of Sandro's sons. We were boys together and we were often taken for brothers. . . . I'm sorry about Luca, but it was one of those damned things. He came out to meet me with a message from Sandro. He swam ashore from his boat and as he was going back to the beach it happened. While I was in Belgrade I'd learned from our people that Ozna had probably got wind of my real business—so, I decided to die. You saw the body?"

"Yes."

"It wasn't difficult to arrange. Luca and I were much the same build, same hair. So I smashed up my watch and put it on him and then I swam out to his boat. When you're dead you get a great deal more freedom in a country like this. I live out here undisturbed. They don't allow tourists on the island and Sandro and I meet at night. As soon as the escape is organized the only job left is to pass the message. When the time comes I'll give you something which will make recognition easy. Agents, you know, often work in the dark. All I know is that this person is at the hotel and that three governments, including our own, are determined to see that the escape comes off. If anything goes wrong that person won't give Ozna a chance to make him speak."

"A very important person."

Raikes nodded. "So important that they haven't even trusted me with full details."

Hudson stood up and moved slowly to the window which was blocked with a sack. Then he said quietly: "Why were you so sure that I would help you?"

Raikes swung round, puzzled, but before he could reply there was a sound from outside, the slip of heavy shoes over a loose patch of stones and then the deliberate sound of footsteps on the sandy turf outside the hut.

Hudson stepped back into the corner of the hut, facing the door. "It's all right," said Raikes. "It's Yelitsa. She brings me food twice a day." Before he could say more the door opened and a girl came into the hut.

She wore a red scarf drawn over her dark hair and held a paper parcel cradled in her arms, pressed against the stiff blue and white cloth of her dress, to the bosom of which was pinned a cameo brooch showing the head of Mercury. She looked at Raikes and then from him to Hudson.

For a moment, in the soft candlelight, her eyes watched them both, dark, sullen eyes, and the face which had a broad, peasant beauty was marked with a faint resentment.

"There is only bread and salad and beetroots." She put the parcel on the table and turned to go.

"Thank you, Yelitsa."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and went out.

"Peasant girl?"

"She's Sandro's daughter-in-law. The old palace on the island which was built by Maximilian is now an orphanage. She works in the kitchen there. She never says much. She was very fond of Luca, and in a way I suppose she feels I'm responsible for his death."

"Was he her husband?"

"No. There's another son, Tulio.

Hudson stepped into the corner of the hut. For a moment, the girl watched them, sullen resentment in her eyes

They've been married three years." Raikes pulled the parcel to him and began to eat. His mouth full of beetroot, he looked up at Hudson. "Why shouldn't I be sure you'd help me?"

"You've only known me a few weeks. How did you know I'd take the risk? I've got my firm's contract to think of if anything went wrong. I also have a high personal regard for my own safety."

"I know your war record. I know all about the prison escapes you organized, and I also know why you never escaped yourself. I learned as much as I could about you before I ever saw you——"

"Because you thought you might need my help?"

"No. Because I like to be informed about my travelling companions. I never contemplated asking you to help until I saw poor old Luca lying on the beach. Then I saw how I could go underground if you would do one very simple thing for me. You don't want me to go into heroics about liberty and the fight against tyranny? You've seen this country. All you've got to do is to pass one simple message. Let's face it, Hudson, you know damn well you'll do it."

"Go to hell!" He came back towards Raikes and stood over him, lighting a cigarette.

Raikes went on. "You don't want to be too long away from the hotel. You're a creature of habits. That's how I knew I could get in touch with you. Don't break any of the habits."

HUDSON sat down and leaned his elbows on the table. "I want an answer to some questions." The decision to help had been taken a long time ago; now there was an automatic consideration of detail, the return of an old delight in planning.

"Go ahead."

"If you've taken Luca's place—how is it that friends and neighbours will not miss the real Luca from wherever he lived?"

"Luca was a rolling stone. He'd only been back in Dubrovnik three days before he was killed. He was working on the youth railway up at Sarajevo. Luca comes and goes. For the moment, he's gone."

"How is the escape to be done?"

"You don't have to know that."

"When then?"

"In a week, maybe longer."

"How will you give me the message for whoever it is at the hotel?"

"Each night Sandro goes out with the sardine boats. They always light up at the same time. When I want you he'll cover and uncover his light three times, just after it's lit. Watch for it. Then swim out here within the hour."

"Just how much about you and this affair does the Jugoslav Department for the Defence of the People know?"

Raikes smiled. "Ozna? I'd be a happy man if I knew. At a guess I should think they know a little less than you. They think I'm dead. They know what I was, and they know somebody is wanting to get away. They may even know that that somebody is at the hotel, but I doubt it."

Hudson was silent for a while. For all his intelligence, Raikes was a romantic—when Luca had been killed he had been unable to resist the romantic gesture. Anybody who suspected Raikes would surely check the identity of the body carefully. Hudson knew that it was a step he would never have taken.

"You seem certain that they won't suspect you're still alive?"

"They may do, but I think not. Anyway, I had to disappear. Another day and they would probably have taken me into protective custody. That would have ruined everything. Somebody in Ozna had got to know too much. I had to disappear."

"If things went wrong, completely wrong . . . what help would you or I get from the Embassy at Belgrade?"

Zarko was enjoying himself. He said: "A blunder like that would mean the end of your career." Lepovitch turned. "And yours!" he snapped

Raikes smiled and sliced a beetroot in half. "The answer to that, Hudson, is two words of one syllable, a phrase common, no doubt, to both of us. Have another drink before you go?"

"No thanks. I've been away too long."

Hudson rose. Raikes followed him to the door.

"Enjoy your bed at nights and think of me on the floor."

Hudson glanced at the pile of blankets in the corner of the hut.

"Who folds your blankets in the morning? Yelitsa?"

"No. I do it myself."

"You're a very tidy person—when you're working."

"You notice too much." He paused for a moment, and then went on with a surprising note of sincerity in his voice, the approach almost of sentiment. "I'm very grateful to you. And so will a lot of others be, I hope."

Hudson laughed gently, fending off the discomfort which always touched him when people showed too clearly their emotions. "It's not my fault, is it, if I happen to like jig-saw puzzles? I'll leave your coat by the stone. You can pick it up later." He felt Raikes touch his arm and then he was out in the darkness, moving through the bushes back to the sea.

He slipped in and began to swim quietly towards the hotel. The channel was a good three hundred yards broad and he took his time, not because he wanted to think, but more because he wanted a period by himself in which he could deliberately turn away from thinking. His excitement, bared by the challenge to step outside the ordinary limits of daily routine, had to be held back so that the mind should become free for thought which would owe nothing to any extravagance of spirit.

He swam on, watching the coloured lights along the hotel terrace grow clearer, strung like a cheap necklace across the dusky bosom of the shadowed slope.

GIVEN any other approach Zarko felt that, after a moment's natural chagrin, he might have freely added his own admiration to this man's triumph. His respect for the other's intelligence was now confirmed, though this in no way made him suspect his own stupidity—it was merely that the other had started with an advantage which he could not possess.

The phrase, "There is no doubt," hung before him like the taunt of a red cloak to draw him on, and he knew that because of his nature, but more because of the other man's nature, he would have to challenge it.

Lepovitch was sitting on the arm of the leather chair beyond the desk. His hands were in his pockets and his lean body had lost some of its stiffness, as though in his triumph he could afford to relax some of his defences against this man who was so obviously his inferior in intellect.

"There is no doubt," Lepovitch repeated, and his dry delight in the phrase was carried in the voice woundingly. "I am surprised that the facts should have escaped a man who holds your position. One of the responsibilities of public position today is eternal vigilance. The State has many enemies."

Zarko got up restlessly.

"The responsibilities of my position have nothing to do with it! This man Raikes was a guest in our country, to whom I had to be courteous because of the value of his contract. I don't have to tell you how valuable that contract still is. Your advantage was that you came knowing that he was an agent. So you saw more than I did. The question of intelligence or extra vigilance doesn't enter into it."

Lepovitch realized the truth in the defence, but he had no intention of acknowledging it.

"We shall gain nothing by arguing that point. More important now is how we are to proceed."

He stood, and, walking up and down, began to marshal the parade of details and possibilities and he felt a familiar cold rush of excitement rising in him, the pure pleasure which springs from a mind feeding on a problem that challenges both imagination and intellect.

"Raikes, we know, is not dead. Somebody else was killed by the land mine. At this moment Raikes is in or near Dubrovnik." He paused and looked at Zarko. "We share now all the facts, all the suspicions, and neither of us possesses an advantage over the other."

This Zarko knew was another challenge. The race would begin without handicap on either side. Let's see who would win. Lepovitch had no doubt of the result.

"True." Zarko was cautious.

"This man Hudson. You've spoken to him. Do you think he genuinely believed that Raikes was dead?"

Zarko recalled his interview with Hudson.

Lepovitch laughed. "I'm not. What would be easier than for Raikes to disappear and this apparently innocent companion to carry on with such part of Raikes's work as he felt wise to delegate to him? Doesn't it strike you as odd that two men, friendly, working on the same contract, should be unaware of the real truth about one another? I think it's more than likely that they are both agents."

"I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"Hudson is a highly specialized engineer. He comes from a famous English firm and he is here to provide us with mining equipment which we badly need. Raikes was an agent—but that doesn't prove that Hudson's one."

Lepovitch was at the window, looking out across the lighted house fronts, feeling on his face the warm air of the night. "So you think we shouldn't bother with him?"

"He must be watched, of course, but it must be done in a very careful way. If he is innocent and we handle him wrongly and he causes trouble, both you and I will hear something from the Ministry of National Economy. You know what a blunder like that would mean, Comrade Lepovitch." Zarko paused, enjoying himself, for he knew where this man's fundamental loyalty lay. "The end of your career——"

Lepovitch swung round, his face taut. "And yours!" he snapped.

"Quite. But I can always go back to the wheelwright trade my father taught me."

Lepovitch knew the man was laughing at him, and he knew, too, that there was nothing to which he would want to go back. He escaped now in a return to professional competence.

"Then he must be handled carefully. That is your business. Put your men on him, put them on the business of this unknown body we've buried with all the archaic honours of a half-dead religion, and when we have facts I shall know what to do."

Zarko nodded. He took the *rakia* bottle from his desk drawer and set two glasses. As he poured the first one, he said gently: "Don't worry about Mr. Hudson. I know exactly how to handle him. In fact I'm looking forward to it. Will you have a drink?"

Lepovitch picked up his hat from the chair and moved to the door. "No. I still have some work to do."

AS he went out, pulling the door sharply after him, Zarko sat back with his glass and chuckled. The man was dangerous and he was clever, but he had his weaknesses, and since he chose to be unpleasant Zarko had no compunction about playing on them.

He looked up at the portrait of Tito. He thought, with quite a different direction of emotion: because one man is great, because the idea which inspired a country is right, it would be unreasonable to expect that greatness and idealism from all men. . . .

And in his room at the Hotel Imperial Lepovitch typed his daily report. He typed rapidly, but carefully, forgetful of the cigarette on his ashtray which slowly smouldered down to a tiny grey trunk.

. . . And a detailed examination of the body immediately established the fact. Due to excessive mutilation a comparison of the features with the passport photograph was impossible. Raikes was a man from whom one would expect a normal standard of cleanliness. The toe and finger-nails of the body were very dirty, an ingrained dirt such as one might expect from a workman. In

addition, the skin under the wristlet watch strap had the same tone of sunburn as the rest of the arm. Any man who wears a watch habitually, as Raikes must have done, would have had a whiter line of skin under the strap. . . .

Steps are now being taken to trace Raikes, establish the identity of the dead body, and to watch the remaining Englishman, Hudson. In my opinion I am inclined to think that he is, and has been, actively concerned in this mission with Raikes, but at this point, owing to the high industrial importance of his position in this country, I have given the strictest injunctions that he is to be handled with care. In the meantime I should appreciate any information you can obtain about him, even if it is only the official information contained in his London visa application. . . .

I should like the dossiers of the guests now at the Hotel Argentina. The man we want may well be among them. The importance of this affair justifies this step, even though there are two persons to whose names I do not for a moment attach anything but the highest respect. The records of the hotel staff and servants will be checked from the Bureau of the People's Militia here. The hotel guests are:

1. Lieutenant-Colonel Ilyra Grol. Ministry of War, Belgrade. Identity Reg. No. Belgrade WL.874329.

2. Dr. Jan Brussiack from Monastir, Jugoslav section of Macedonia. Working by invitation for the Ministry of Agriculture in connection with re-establishment of viniculture and anti-phylloxera research on certain Dalmation islands.

3. Irinej Ransko (with wife, Leska, and two children, Madeo and Stanye). Shipwright from Split. Political Commissar in People's Shipyard. Vacationing under workers' high production category system. Identity Reg. No. Split OP.54911368.

4. Drava Sumitch and wife Maria. Zagreb. Tanjug news agency. Sub-editor. Honeymoon. Special category reservation as Political Commissar Journalists' Association, and as author "Red Star of the Mountains." Identity Reg. No. Maribor S.7263195.

5. Zarija Djilas. Belgrade. House of Representatives deputy. Identity Reg. No. Rijeka S. 49498103.

. . . In view of my original comment on Vladimir Zarko, it should be pointed out that while all the facts at my disposal were equally available to him, he lacked the requisite vigilance and intelligence to make the same use of them. There are some men who, having fought well in the great struggle against fascism, and having been rewarded, are content to live on their past glories. Contentment is the first sign of a reactionary disposition. . . .

He paused. What he had said about Zarko was enough for the moment to satisfy his personal dislike of the man. Further he could not go without facts. No one was to be trusted. At this moment Zarko might be reporting on him.

His report finished, he inserted the carbon copy in his file, and then sat down to write to his wife, who was in a People's Sanatorium in the Kozara Mountains.

The expression on his face, his manner of writing, were quite different, for he loved his wife. She had been in the sanatorium now for a year, and in all that time he had only seen her twice. He wrote until long after midnight.

"When we go into the kitchen make some comment on how clean the sink looks. It'll make Herbert feel so proud"

THE embrasures in the battlements of the fortress block which, housing now the museum, formed the southern tip of the encircled little harbour, made very good seats. Hudson sat with his back against the warm biscuit-coloured stones, his feet swinging free over the two-hundred-foot drop to the tiny mole below which ran out to the sea like a stiffly pointed index finger.

There was a small breeze to temper the rising morning heat, and perched aloft he was enjoying for a while the pleasure of looking down on the city and the harbour. A white schooner was lying at an awkward angle against the inner quayside.

He heard someone coming up the steep steps that led to the flat fortress top.

"Good morning, Mr. Hudson. I was told I should find you here."

Zarko was standing behind him, his face perspiring a little from his climb, his panama hat held in his hands to let the breeze play across his short hair. The iron-grey eyes were laughing.

"I have to talk to you and I thought it might be pleasanter to do it somewhere where we were completely alone. Perhaps I should tell you that since you left your hotel this morning you have been followed."

SLOWLY, Hudson slipped his legs inside the embrasure and helped himself to a cigarette from the packet which Zarko proffered. When he was smoking, he said quietly, watching Zarko's face: "By a thin fellow in a grey striped flannel suit, blue tie, a patch on the upper of his right brown shoe, and not the slightest interest in art?"

Zarko half bowed. "Exactly." And as he said it, his heart was full of a strange warmth. No matter what this man might or might not be, he had the kind of humour and unsurprised intelligence which appealed to him.

Hudson nodded. "He was hovering around while I looked at the Ragusianos in the Duomo; the architecture of the Rector's Palace fidgeted him and he was frankly bored by Onofrio's fountain. He was so obviously out of place that I knew he must have other interests."

"Did you mind?"

"Why should I? Practically every foreigner who comes to this country is watched by the police. It would be rude of me to object to a custom so well established. But it does make me curious."

"Why?"

"I should like to know the reason why the process has been delayed until today. Until now I've been left alone. When a man loses a privilege he has a right to know why."

Zarko laughed, a private inner chuckle which arose not from what Hudson said, but from the fleeting thought of what Lepovitch's reaction would be if he could have been present now. He replaced his panama and then, tucking his hands up under his armpits so that his elbows protruded like the stumpy wings of a fledgling, he began to pace gently up and down, casting a glance at Hudson now and again as he spoke.

"Mr. Hudson, I don't know what your politics are, but I'm prepared to believe that you are quite sincere about them. I should like to think that in return you would grant me the same degree of sincerity. I am a Communist. I believe, Mr. Hudson, that in Communism lies Jugoslavia's true destiny, that it is the only system which will give us those things which all men desire."

"Of course, you know, I think you are mistaken."

"Maybe, but my belief and the belief of thousands like me is the important thing. There are governments who can't tolerate our belief, Mr. Hudson, and they work against us in our own country. It is part of my duties to expose such activities. At times circumstances force us to use methods which seem harsh, but our justification is that no system is perfect. We must protect what we cherish with the weapons at hand. Later on, the practices which are forced on us now will happily become redundant, but until that moment we believe that the importance of the individual is of little weight."

"I'm not going to argue. This is your speech. But some other time I could debate that point with you."

"I'm going to be very frank with you. Your friend Raikes was a British agent. . . ." He paused, but the other was leaning back against the stones watching him with an expression of quiet attention.

"Really?"

"More than that. Your friend Raikes is not dead. It was not his body which was buried."

"How do you know this?" The natural surprise in Hudson's voice served him better than any premeditated reaction.

"I cannot give details. But it is so. Where he is at this moment we do not know. But we shall find out. You will appreciate, Mr. Hudson, that we cannot overlook the chance that you, too, may be a British agent."

Hudson laughed. "Why don't you ask me the question frankly?"

"Mr. Hudson—you know perfectly well it would be idle. If you are innocent you will say No. And if you're guilty you will say No."

Hudson nodded. "Since the answer won't help you, I won't give it. But there is one point I would like cleared up. Why am I getting this special treatment?"

"Because you are a special person, Mr. Hudson. You will be watched, but if you are innocent you can do exactly as you choose and no one will annoy you."

"It's rather hard on the man who follows me, isn't it?"

Zarko chuckled. "He'll be relieved by others, and anyway it will do him good to learn something about his own town." He paused and then went on swiftly, the words thrusting at Hudson with a quiet menace. "But if you're guilty, Mr. Hudson—much as I like you—don't think that my personal regard for you will influence your treatment. In some ways, perhaps, it might be better if you left Dubrovnik."

As Zarko spoke, Hudson found himself thinking that Raikes really had been untidy in his romantic attitude towards distant risks. The substitution of bodies had worried him when Raikes had told his story. More than ever now Hudson had to help, and it was not going to be easy against so shrewd a man as Zarko. He flicked his cigarette over the battlements.

"You know the English better than that, I think. We're a pig-headed race. As you say, you mustn't annoy me. Not, at least, until the contract details are finished. I'm a partner in our firm. I could easily make things very awkward. . . ." He waved a hand easily as he saw Zarko stir. "No, no. . . . I'm not even vaguely annoyed. I'm just making your own point for you. In the meantime, I intend to stay in Dubrovnik."

"In that case, would you mind handing over your passport to me? When you are ready to leave it will be returned."

"Of course not." Hudson took his passport from his inner pocket and handed it to Zarko, who stood flipping its pages.

After a few moments, he slipped it into his pocket, and the two men moved together across the flat rooftop to the head of the steps.

Zarko said: "You've been very reasonable about this. Thank you, Mr. Hudson." Then, as they came down to the parapet, with a broad smile dismissing everything which had passed between them, Zarko went on: "One night you must come and have dinner at my house. I have a small daughter who is learning English at the gymnasium. She would welcome the opportunity to plague you with it."

HUDSON laughed, accepting the invitation, and then watched the rotund, jerky figure move away down the walk towards the town. Then he turned and strolled across to a man who sat on the wall outside the entrance to the museum. He looked bored, disinterested, staring down his crossed legs at the patch on his right shoe.

Hudson stood above him, but the man did not raise his face.

"I'm going through the town to the bank to cash a traveller's cheque, then I'm walking back to the hotel along the footpath above the town. I thought you'd like to know our programme."

The man made no reply. Hudson moved off towards the town and as he went down the steps to the harbour side, the man raised himself slowly from the wall and began to follow him.

A few minutes later, the rowing-boat bringing Yelitsa Venetti from Lokrum swung alongside the harbour steps. And as she stepped out she saw Hudson walk along the quayside past the fish market stalls. With resentful eyes she followed his slow, easy movement as he disappeared into the thin crowd and through the

Continued on page 28

Graham Jones must investigate both sides of any complaint. At home a wife gives her story. . . . At the pub the husband may have a different tale to tell

When there's trouble at home

by DON EVERITT

Wives who have left their husbands, boys caught stealing, men who think their children are being neglected—they all come to the probation officer with their troubles

AT HALF PAST NINE one recent morning Probation Officer Graham Jones, of Nottingham, faced a plump, dark-haired young woman across his desk. "What is it?" he asked quietly. "What have you come to see me about?"

She cleared her throat. "I've left my husband," she said.

Jones jotted down the woman's name, age and address. "Have you been married long?"

"Three years."

"Why," he asked, "have you left him?"

Hesitantly at first, then more freely, the woman told her story. About a week ago her husband had suddenly begun to swear at home. He wasn't offensive ("quite casual, in fact") but she disliked swearing at any time and, since she had never known him to use such language before, it had upset her.

Her husband, ignoring her objections, continued to swear even more profusely. He refused to say why, beyond an insistence that he had a right to do as he liked in his own home. She decided to take drastic measures. Each time he swore, she mimicked him. "I wanted to show him how silly he sounded."

The young woman began to cry softly. "When I did that," she said, "he kept slapping my face. He said swearing wasn't ladylike and called me a lot of names. I stuck it as long as I could. Then I went home to my mother. We have no children." As an afterthought, she added: "He's not been near."

Probation Officer Jones checked over his notes, asked a few more questions. "I wouldn't worry unduly," he said sympathetically. "I'll have to have a talk with your husband. I'll get in touch with you in three or four days. I'm sure things will turn out all right."

Wanted To Run Away

Just one hour later Jones was in No. 1 Court at the Nottingham Guildhall reporting to the magistrates on the background of a youth convicted of theft. "He is one of ten children and extremely nervous," he said. "This is probably a result of frequent unwarranted thrashings. His father, a heavy drinker, uses foul language and dominates the home. His mother has little to say about what goes on. The lad broke into the gas meter to get money so that he could run away."

Fortunately, Graham Jones followed both these cases through to successful outcomes. The couple were reconciled a week later; the boy has settled down well to life in a probation hostel.

Sometimes a probation officer isn't so lucky.

Most couples, unfortunately, don't visit the probation officer as soon as their troubles begin. For many he is merely a stepping-stone to a separation. Some have quarrelled and been unfaithful for years. Love has died long ago and either husband or wife, or both, have made up their minds to part. That is why only forty per cent of the matrimonial cases which pass through the Nottingham probation offices are successfully reconciled.

Matrimonial cases can begin in three ways: through the matrimonial court in a case where reconciliation seems possible, by a direct visit from the wife or, less often, the husband.

Every weekday morning half a dozen—or more—women call at the Nottingham probation office. Some have been advised to go there by the magistrates' clerk's department which issues summonses; others by friends, a solicitor or the police.

Usually a wife tells the story of the other woman, of cruelty or of neglect to maintain. If she doesn't insist on a separation Jones writes to the husband and asks to see him. The husband probably has a different story to tell. "She won't darn my clothes and I never get a decent meal." Or: "She's a spendthrift—and what about her goings-on with men?" Or: "She neglects the house and the kids."

In most cases Jones has to see the wife and the husband separately at least twice more to go over points raised at previous interviews. He sifts truth from both stories and then gets the couple together in his office.

Slanging Match

"We normally start with a slanging match," he says. "I might, for example, mention the original complaint. 'Your wife tells me she saw you with a bus conductress . . .' and the husband probably retorts: 'What about that sailor who had his arms around *her* at the Rose and Crown? My own brother saw them at it.'"

After the dirty washing, Jones tries to take them back over their courtship and early married life. From this it is usually possible to discover whether there was any real affection to begin with or if the couple had to get married.

"Then I tell them where they're in the wrong and what they should do about it. I also point out what separation would mean to them. I don't persuade, however. I only advise."

In the case of the husband who

swore at home, for instance, Jones found that he was being influenced by his older workmates. "I told him his swearing was bad-mannered and unmanly and that it had the same effect on his wife as hers had on him."

Probation cases present a much brighter picture, with a seventy to eighty per cent success level. Jones has an average of about seventy probationers constantly under his supervision. Ages have ranged from eight to eighty-one, but about two-thirds of the total are under twenty-one. Probation is imposed on offences that range from indecent assault to theft, and terms vary from six months to three years.

Here's how a typically successful juvenile case develops:

Four or five days before the boy is due to appear in court the police supply Jones with details of the case. He promptly goes to work on it. From the boy's home, his school and, possibly, his workplace he pieces together a picture of every aspect of his background—from the bang on the head he had when he was three to his mother's chronic kidney trouble.

Jones is friendly, sympathetic, tactful with the parents. He makes it clear that he's no policeman. His only concern is with the boy's welfare.

At court, if the offence is proved, the probation officer gives his report. He chooses his words with great care so that he doesn't set the boy against him. ("You have to veil your comments or make excuses about the pigsty home he lives in or his loose mother, if the boy is fond of them.")

What Probation Means

If the magistrates decide on probation the chairman explains to the boy what it means in simple terms. He must agree to be honest, industrious and well-behaved. The probation officer is there to advise, assist and befriend him. If he breaks the agreement he can be brought back to court and be punished for the present offence.

The real business of the probation officer now begins. Perhaps three or four days after the hearing the boy makes his first visit to the probation office.

"We have quite a long talk," Graham Jones says, "about his home, his parents, brothers, sisters, school, job, hobbies—everything. I get him to tell me the whole story of his offence; then I show him where he made his mistake."

The interview is neither strict nor formal. Jones is friendly and cheerful. His primary aim is to win the boy's confidence. "If he's mad on boxing we chat about that; if it's woodwork I have to talk intelligibly about joints and woods for five minutes."

Jones tries to persuade him to join a youth club; if he's lost his job he helps him to find another.

Every week for a month or two the boy visits the probation office. In return, Jones visits his home, closely following every facet of his life. "Each time I see him," he adds, "I remind him what he must do if he's tempted or if his pals encourage him to steal again."

If the case proceeds smoothly, the visits become shorter and less frequent until the day when the boy's file is put in the drawer marked "completed cases."

Matrimonial and probation cases may seem far removed from each other, but Jones says they're alike in at least one respect: "There's a reason for the trouble and you have to find it."

It's not always easy. In fifty per cent of matrimonial cases sexual difficulties are underlying factors, but many couples don't realize it. They would be too embarrassed to discuss sex, anyway.

"The sooner we have sex education in schools the better," Jones declares. Most probation officers agree.

One of the major causes of trouble among young couples is what Jones calls the family tradition. Because his father stayed out late and put his feet up while mother slaved, the young husband feels he should do the same.

A typical case was the husband of two weeks who insisted that his wife went to bed with him on Sunday afternoons—like his father and his uncle. Annoyed and repulsed, the woman came to the probation office.

A day or two later Jones tactfully persuaded the husband that times had changed and nowadays the sexes are equal. "I told him he mustn't try to impose his ideas on his wife. I recommended that they both read a good book on marriage technique."

Faint Was A Sham

Sometimes a repentant husband will go to unusual lengths to impress his wife. At one interview in the Nottingham probation office the husband fainted when his wife reaffirmed her decision to leave him. The officer was convinced it was a sham and so, apparently, was the wife. She sat unmoved.

Perhaps the most tragic type of case, however, is that of the wife who would be justified in leaving her husband but can't bring herself to it. The other week a thin, worried little woman of forty came to the probation office. Her arms and face were bruised and she retold a story that had become all too familiar to Jones.

Her husband had been drinking over the weekend. He had broken furniture, thrashed the kids and knocked her all over the house.

Jones says: "She'd had two separation orders in the past and realized they were useless. Where could she go with six kids? I advised her to summon him for assault. It had sobered him up for a month or two before."

A study of probation statistics, however, reveals that most probationers get into court through force of circumstances rather than through any criminal instinct. It's for just that reason that they're put on probation. "We hope to cure them before they take to crime in earnest."

For instance, if a boy in court comes from an unhappy home—as so often happens—Jones has to provide, or see that the parents provide, the discipline, love, good food and/or other things which he is missing.

Sometimes he finds that a physical disability or an illness is at the back of an offence. A boy with a cleft palate and a hare-lip felt inferior because his pals were always mocking him. To gain their admiration, he stole a bicycle. "He wanted to convince himself that at least in one respect he was more astute than the other boys," Jones explains. "He thought it better to be prominent as a thief than not at all." Now, thanks to help from the probation officer, he is "one of the boys." His hare-lip has gone and a false roof has remedied the cleft palate. Jones arranged the operation.

Although he is enthusiastic about his job, Jones says he's glad he only handles men and boys. In the good-time girl the woman probation officer has the most heartbreaking type of case.

The parents usually bring the girl to court, saying she's beyond control. She drinks and smokes heavily and stays out late—frequently all night. The girl may agree to enter a probation hostel under the supervision of the probation officer, but the odds against the success of this treatment are heavy. The good-time life, with its apparently easy rewards, seems far too attractive in most cases.

Jones gets his biggest kick when one of his ex-probationers meets him in the street or calls on him and says he's now doing well. "You feel then," he declares, "that you're really doing something worth while."

Clergymen And Miners

Academically, the qualifications to become a probation officer are not excessive. Generally, anyone within the age limits—over twenty-three and under forty—is accepted for training if he or she passes the selection board and intelligence and aptitude tests.

Postwar trainees have included miners, students, clergymen, a housekeeper, a commercial traveller and a boilermaker. Training normally consists of nine months' practical work with a probation department and a three-month lecture course.

Twenty-six year old Graham Jones, a Welshman and himself an ex-policeman, says the job is largely a matter of common sense. Requirements which his modesty overlooks include patience, perseverance, tact and an intimate knowledge and deep interest in human behaviour.

It is just three years since Jones became a paid assistant probation officer in training. After war service as a Fleet Air Arm pilot he found he couldn't settle down to his old job. "As a policeman all you're concerned about are convictions; I was more interested in the convicted," he explains simply.

No Name On The Door

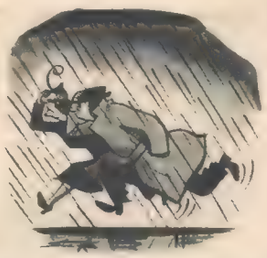
Salaries of probation officers range from £305 to £570 for men, according to age and experience. Women get slightly less.

There are roughly 1,000 officers operating with 1,100 courts. The set-up of the Nottingham probation department is typical. There are eight officers—four men and four women—and each covers different districts in the city.

The probation office itself consists of small rooms in a building on Parliament Street, tucked unobtrusively between a public house and the landlord's second-floor flat. Even the entrance is unnamed.

"Some of the clients objected to being seen entering a door marked 'probation office,'" Jones says. "The plate was removed. We always try to oblige."

NOW YOU KNOW



WHEN YOU COME HOME drenched with rain, spare a thought for your clothes. Don't hang plastic or rubberized raincoats near a fire or over a radiator to dry. That way they'll soon crack up. Plastic simply needs a wiping over with a cloth; other coats should be put on hangers over the bath.

Shoes, too, should not be dried before the fire. Instead, stuff them with crumpled newspaper to preserve the shape and absorb moisture. Remove any mud with newspaper and an old clothes peg or blunt bit of wood—not with an old knife. That way it's only too easy to scratch the leather or cut stitches in the welt.

A fur coat drenched with rain needs careful attention to preserve the sheen. Shake it out, put it on a padded hanger, wipe off beads of water with tissue paper and let it dry away from the heat.

As for a hat, don't hang it on a peg if you want to keep it in shape. Shake off the rain first, press out any dents and let it stand to dry.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Miracle Men

AS I look at the strange and confused world in which we are living, I often wonder if we are not perilously near to losing that most precious heritage, our self-respect.

Man is born to a high heritage. Alone among the animals, he is able to reason. He can choose to do right—or wrong. He can aspire to the heights—or drift to the depths. The choice is his.

There comes to my mind a startling saying of Chesterton's. "Among the strange things that men have forgotten," he wrote, "the most universal and catastrophic lapse of memory is that by which they have forgotten that they are living on a star."

If we got that fact into our heads, we might see our petty quarrels and our silly doubts and fears in better proportion. We might think less of our dignity and more of the miracle that hangs us in illimitable space.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

A dog's life in quarantine

by LISA MOYNIHAN

Two thousand dogs—and cats—a year go into quarantine for six months' solitary. For them it's more like a hotel than a prison. It's the owners who suffer most

Arthur Perryman grooms Patch, a white-haired terrier. Patch is an old lag. He's been in quarantine twice

THE NEW ARRIVALS are being checked in: five of them—and a very mixed bunch. An alsatian is led first from the white van with the inscription: "Hackbridge Kennels." Soon he is pricking up his ears at the sound of his name. "Bruno," says a voice, "from Germany . . . age two years five months . . . hates apples. . . ."

A pen scratches while Bruno gazes bewildered at the reception committee—a white-uniformed man and a group of khaki-clad girls. He is led away for a medical examination and the pen scratches on. "Bob . . . Dachshund . . .' loves music.' Gyp . . . mongrel . . . ' very playful . . . fond of stout.' "

This is a routine occasion which seventy-year-old Harry Clerke has supervised thousands of times during his twenty years in charge of Britain's largest quarantine kennels. The newcomers to Hackbridge must spend the next six months among 500 other dogs and fifty cats of every size and breed—each in strict isolation. All have come from abroad, and, as Clerke will tell you: "There's no knowing whether one may change suddenly from a docile pet into a raving beast, foaming at the mouth."

Fit One Day, Dead Next

Rabies means death within forty-eight hours. It has no cure and is highly infectious. Only two months ago a terrier from India fell victim. One day he was as healthy as the rest. The next he was listless and off food; by the evening he was rushing with frenzied howls about his cage until his jaw dropped, his eyes became glassy—and he died.

His owner, the kennelman and several people who had been in contact with him on the boat had to be traced in order to be given twenty-one anti-rabic injections in the stomach—or risk getting hydrophobia. After examination the dog, and all his possessions, were burnt.

Few dog owners have ever seen rabies or know that there have been nine cases here since the war, or that less than thirty years ago we had a terrible epidemic because somewhere a dog was smuggled into the country.

Under the Diseases of Animals Acts there are three alternatives which confront the owner of a dog from overseas: leave him behind, have him killed or stick to the expensive letter of the law.

To bring a two-dollar mongrel from America means a ten-day wait for an import licence, a £10 air passage and £4 landing and transport charges on arrival in England, where the mongrel must be whisked off by licensed van to one of thirty odd approved quarantine kennels, with boarding fees around £35. Whether for mongrel, pedigree peke or tabby cat, 2,000 owners a year decide that all this is worth while.

And Harry Clerke, who has patiently built up the best-equipped kennels in England, does much to reassure them. When he joined the famous dog biscuit firm which owns Hackbridge as office-boy he was fourteen. He worked his way down to Hackbridge via the live-stock import and export departments, which he not only ran, but started up. By the time he took over, says the head kennelman, "there wasn't much he didn't know about handling dogs, cats and their owners."

He knew in particular how many people dreaded the thought of being parted from their pets. Not all the quarantine stations hastily set up in 1901 (when rabies was raging in France) could cope with the sudden demand for accommodation and attention: stories got round of disgraceful conditions at some stations and otherwise honest people resorted to smuggling in their pets rather than risk their being ill-treated.

Arrive At All Hours

Harry Clerke has done his best to allay these fears—with a staff of fifty kennelmen and girls, eight and a half acres of land and twenty spotless huts (the largest takes eighty dogs), where new arrivals come daily and at all hours. For arrivals from the airports the small hours of the morning are the busiest.

Whatever the hour, a careful ritual is followed from the moment the licensed van drives up. Import licences are handed in at the bungalow office first and, keeping strictly to the letter of the law (Ministry of Agriculture officials may turn up at any time), the van is unloaded only when inside the wired-off quarantine section.

It is then that the vet and kennelmaids get busy. A fair idea of each dog's fads has usually been supplied by the owner. Each dog is inspected for coat or tooth trouble, weighed and future treatment marked down. A good deal of tail wagging goes on. "However tired, they love being the centre of attraction for a few minutes," says Clerke.

A Poodle's Kitbag

Meanwhile, in the office, reports in quintuplicate of the dogs' safe arrival are being made. Under the equipment heading for a poodle someone is writing: "2 collars, 1 lead, 1 coat, 2 rag dolls, 1 tube ointment, 1 bottle D.D.T., 2 toothbrushes, 3 blankets, 1 bowl, 7 packets medicine." With more to come.

"It all has to be stored," says Clerke. "If the owner wants anything given to the dog she must sign for it specially and let him have it at her own risk. We don't advise them to give rubber bones or balls: it can be fatal if they are swallowed."

Back in the surgery, a note is being sent off to each owner telling of safe arrival and giving details of health. "Bertha's litter (a beautiful Newfoundland) expected any time. In

excellent health": or "Fluff has got fleas. She is getting prompt treatment."

As the dogs are taken to their huts, each must cross a sorbo mat soaked in disinfectant—for their paws may carry germs. Kennelmen and any visitors must also wipe their feet: women with high-heeled shoes or sandals usually protest.

"Of course," says Clerke, as an Airedale sits stubbornly in the middle of the corridor, "it's a bit bewildering for the dogs at first. And, like human beings, they can be temperamental and go off their food for a few days.

"But I'm convinced most of them realize they aren't here for keeps—and they settle down. Cats are just the same—but we try to make them at home with a special outdoor exercise cage and with plenty of ledges to keep them agile."

The first ten days are the worst, thinks Clerke. So he keeps them under special observation "not just to watch for signs of ill health, but to get to know them."

Some dogs hate being fussed. Others (he points to a Welsh Corgi bitch barking excitedly as she jumps at her wire door) would pine their hearts out if the staff didn't make time to pet them a little.

And expectant mothers like Bertha—there are half a dozen or so every year —need very careful watching. Most births are of pedigrees and the owner will have planned them.

John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp

Sentence served, Foxy the poodle is returned to owner by Harry Clerke

The problem of exercise—for each dog must be kept apart from the others —has been solved by pleasant grass paddocks which lead off all sides of the kennels. From eight o'clock in the morning until dusk they are never empty. "Big dogs and lazy dogs need some incentive," Clerke says, as kennelman Arthur Perryman comes into view, careering agilely round a paddock on his bicycle with a Great Dane in pursuit.

Arthur has a reputation for making friends with the most difficult, brutish-looking dogs—gained during his thirty years as kennelman. A breeder of alsatians from Germany recently warned the kennels that her latest feminine import was highly dangerous and was not to be handled until she arrived with instructions. When she visited Hackbridge she found her dangerous alsatian pet romping gaily after Arthur's bike.

Dog That Never Barks

Pretty well every breed of dog under the sun has done six months at Hackbridge. In one section you may find a Tibetan terrier, a doberman pinscher, a jaghund (both German), a spitz (rather like a pom), an Egyptian Saluki, two Sydney Silkies and a Mexican hairless dog who keeps a dignified silence in his nakedness—his breed do not bark.

Any day is visiting day, and the hours are reasonable: nine to five thirty (except between one and two) on weekdays and nine till twelve thirty on Sundays.

Sixty per cent of owners come regularly to see their pets. Some arrive before their dog has reached the kennels and want to wait for him. Some are so worried they will be forgotten that they take a house in the neighbourhood for six months and come every day, sometimes three or four times; others, less wealthy, inquire at the office if they know of rooms nearby.

Distance is no deterrent to many owners. One boy hitch-hiked from Hull to see the boxer his father in the B.A.O.R. had sent him as a present.

The visitors' book is dotted with familiar names: General Eisenhower, who came during the war to see his Scotch terrier; General Bedell-Smith, whose pair of Scotties graced the kennels with a litter; Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, who came often to see their cat Skippy. Or Field Marshal Sir William Slim and his wife, Lord and Lady Wavell, Sir Neville Henderson, whose German dachsbruck didn't want to leave, Phyllis Dixie, the Duke of Windsor. Clerke remembers the Duke joking as his Cairn terriers made a great fuss of the Duchess: "You see, when my wife's around—I'm nobody."

Awkward Customer

Nor is it always the woman visitor who talks gushingly. "You'd be surprised at the emotion some men show when they are reunited with their pets," Clerke says.

Most owners are appreciative, but there are "just a few awkward exceptions." The man who was used to feeding his pedigree dog almost exclusively on fruit, for instance. He thought it most unreasonable when Clerke suggested that perhaps an apple a day, on top of the normal diet, would be a good compromise.

So unreasonable, in fact, that he had his pet hastily removed to another quarantine kennels, where he hoped for better service.

"Within a fortnight of leaving Hackbridge he was back, begging us to take his pom on the apple-a-day basis," says Clerke.

Biscuits In Gravy

He tries to take note of fads, but finds that the normal diet seems to suit most dogs: one midday meal of horseflesh or fish, dog biscuits soaked in gravy and dehydrated vegetables—with larger helpings for the bigger dogs. And, while the chef does his best, there are limits beyond which even his thirty-five years of experience —or Government regulations about animal food—cannot help him to go.

"Visitors often wonder why quarantine is necessary if they've had their dogs injected with anti-rabic serum," says Clerke. "The answer is, the Ministry of Agriculture doesn't consider this is 100 per cent effective in dogs.

"Others want to know why the quarantine can't be shortened. I tell them that there was a case only two years ago when a dog developed rabies after eight months—luckily he was still in quarantine as his owner was abroad."

One quite dignified old lady arrived late one day to see her dachshund, armed with two blankets. The kennelman left her with him, and when he returned to suggest she should be going he was greeted with: "Haven't you a larger cage?"

"But, madam, surely it's large enough for your little dog?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "it's quite large enough for *him*, but I've just been trying, and find I can only lie in it with my legs up!"

£2 A Week—For A Mongrel

There are surprisingly few owners who become awkward about money. Most pay a month in advance—the fees are quite steep: from a guinea to £2 a week for dogs, according to size, and 12s. 6d. a week for cats. And, though many of the 2,000 pets who come into the country every year (twice as many as in prewar days) are quite ordinary mongrels, people find the money somehow.

"For a while the Army helped the many hardship cases among Servicemen with alsatians, boxers, and dachshunds from Germany—they set up their own kennels in Hampshire under the Royal Army Veterinary Corps," explains Clerke. Today, some get assistance through the various animal welfare organizations. They pay the money back as soon as they can.

And the grey-haired woman who pauses with her mongrel at the gate is one of many mothers Clerke has known who have gone out to work rather than let their children be parted from the family dog. "Come on Spot," she calls, as he sniffs suspiciously at an almost-forgotten world of lamp-posts, traffic, people—and other dogs. "We're going home. Remember?"

Uncle Henri comes to stay

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY ILLINGWORTH

It was a nice, quiet house in a nice, quiet street—until the day he paid a visit. Things had a habit of happening to Uncle Henri

I SHALL NEVER FORGET the afternoon my Uncle Henri arrived. My mother called me in from the garden and in a tense sort of voice told me to clean myself up. We were living then at the house on the rue Notre Dame des Champs in Paris that belonged to my French grandfather, and I was passing the time by rattling a stick along the fence for the benefit of the dog next door. Nothing annoyed him more.

Mother was English and inclined to be nervous with our French relations, some of whom were more than a little eccentric. But Uncle Henri was my hero. Hadn't he made a fabulous fortune in Australia with a patent saucepan and lost every penny at poker on the boat returning to his beloved France?

I had been brought up on stories of my Uncle Henri—the time he was a cowhand in Argentina, his exploits as a *croupier* at Monte Carlo, to say nothing of what happened to him when he was publicity man to a Turkish all-in wrestler who was deaf and dumb. He was everything that was marvellous to me, but I had never set eyes on him—nor had my mother.

Our first impression of Uncle Henri was a glorious row with the taxi-man over the fare. I could see a strikingly handsome gentleman, beautifully groomed, kissing my mother's hand with the tenderest devotion on the porch—and interrupting himself from time to time to hurl something unprintable over his shoulder as it occurred to him. Such afterthoughts as *Triple-brigand!* and *Species of Unsound Cow.*

Then he seemed suddenly to notice me and he swung me up. *"Tiens!"* he yelled, scaring my mother, who was a placid and unemotional woman. *"Mille tonnerre! Voilà mon Guzu!"*

Guzu was his pet name for his brother when they were boys and he claimed that I was the spit image of my father. I was always Guzu to my Uncle Henri, in spite of my mother's protests.

It was then that Uncle Henri caught sight of Aunt Cynthia. She was no true aunt of mine, but a schoolfriend of my mother's, and she practically lived with us since my father died.

Aunt Cynthia was just the type of Englishwoman no Frenchman can understand. She had a marvellous skin, lovely eyes, hair that

Uncle kept away from the gate and continued his speech. But the dog was lashing himself into a fury

was almost white, forming a cloud-like halo about her Anglo-Saxon head. In Paris everyone stopped to look after her in the street, especially males over the age of seven.

Well, my Uncle Henri suddenly saw Aunt Cynthia standing at the double doors of mother's drawing-room, slightly bewildered by all the noise. With his passionate gestures and his flashing eye my uncle must have been quite a sight, and he now threw up his hands in ecstasy. "*Ravissante!*" he said. "But she is magnificent, your little sister!" He embraced her warmly.

"Not sister," my mother protested weakly. "Just—a friend." To me, she said: "I think you had better show your uncle round the garden."

The dog next door started a loud sniffing under the fence as we passed. This shaggy animal's name was Négro, a true doormat dog, or grabsitch, with a tail like a handle, and he thought he owned the district. It startled my uncle to hear the dog tearing up and down, biting lumps of earth.

"With animals, *mon Guzu*," he observed, "one must keep the calm. *Toujours le calme!* Rest calm and they rest calm with you."

But the dog rested anything but calm. In fact, he managed what he had never been able to bring off before. He made the top of the fence in a frenzied leap and even in the moment when I hit my fastest stride there came a cry of anguish and the sound of ripping cloth.

In the end Uncle Henri caught Négro by the tail and threw him back over the fence.

I BEGAN to realize that my uncle was a man things had a way of happening to. "Sophie," he said to my mother at dinner, speaking with tremendous enthusiasm. "I have an invention of the most remarkable with which you behold me on the point of amassing an immense fortune. What do you do with dust from the coal?"

My mother said she did not know.

"I will tell you what you do!" my uncle said, wagging an admonitory finger before her nose. "You throw it away. *Pouff!* Thousands of tons a year. By my process it is mixed with mud and resin, and there, in the form of bricks, you have the perfect fuel!"

Uncle had a lot of sample bricks in his bag and he ran to fetch some and hand them round the dinner table.

"How very clever of you!" my mother said. She had a coal brick in her hand and wondered what she could do with it so that she could continue with her meal. Apparently it was a gift and my uncle did not want it back.

"Worth millions!" my uncle cried. "But *millions!*"

"And it actually burns?" mother asked.

"But frequently!" Uncle Henri stated. "The triple-brigand who helped me invent it tried to steal it from me in Hamburg. But I stole it first and he is still looking for me, the *salopard!*"

This was the first intimation mother had that this was not wholly a social visit, but in the next few days, busy as he was with his bricks, Uncle Henri managed to make himself very pleasant to my mother and Aunt Cynthia. As long as mother was there Aunt Cynthia felt safe and I believe Uncle Henri's charm made considerable headway against her prejudices. He took the ladies to the boulevard cafés, to the theatre, and one night to a night club.

Uncle Henri struck up an acquaintance with our neighbour, Monsieur Desmoines, a wealthy old man and Member of Parliament. But he could muster no affection for his dog, Négro. One day, the animal got into our house. There came the hideous sound of claws scraping on the parquet as Négro shot into the room, and bit Uncle Henri three times before he could get a grip on the tail and fling the dog out of the window.

Aunt Cynthia had yelled and leapt on to a chair.

"Rest calm!" my uncle assured her. He helped her down, and he still had his arm round Aunt Cynthia's waist when they ran into Mr. Hawkins in the rue Notre Dame des Champs outside our house. Mr. Hawkins was employed at the British Embassy and was supposed to be engaged to Aunt Cynthia. He wore a monocle and always looked as if everything smelled.

"M'sile has been terrified by a dog," my uncle said.

"John," Aunt Cynthia put in, wriggling my uncle's arm adrift, "this is Monsieur Calvados. Monsieur Calvados—Mr. Hawkins."

I could sense the tension of the situation.

Greater tension was to follow. One morning, a little man stalked into our hall brandishing an umbrella triumphantly. "Villain!" he said. "Assassin! Robber! Swindler! So I have found you!"

"Flambert!" I heard my uncle breathe. Then he bounded down the stairs. "Ingrate!" he yelled. "Beef! Head of a mutton! You come here to insult me! I who dragged you from the gutter!"

"From the gutter!" echoed my uncle's business associate, in a strangled voice. "He states he saved me from the gutter—I, a Licentiate of the University of Lyons, Grand Laureate of the Imperial College of Technology, Professor of——"

"Without a pair of socks to his feet!" my uncle screamed. "With a hole in the seat of his trousers! Imbecile! Cretin! Triple-blockhead!"

"That assassin and highwayman," Professor Flambert yelled, pointing a finger at my uncle so that my mother could have no doubt as to whom he was referring. "That unmentionable has robbed me of the result of my work. Now that I have found you the law shall take its course. I wish you good day, mesdames!"

CHARACTERISTICALLY, the affair did nothing to upset my uncle's good spirits. That evening he took the three of us out on the Lac Supérieure in the Bois de Boulogne. I remember waiting with mother at the landing place on the island in the centre of the lake for what seemed to be a long time with the moon shining through the trees, for Uncle Henri to get back with Aunt Cynthia.

When we got home in the car Uncle Henri had hired, Mr. Hawkins was waiting, walking up and down the pavement, and before anyone realized what was happening Mr. Hawkins knocked my uncle down. Uncle Henri got up and was promptly knocked down again. It went on for some time. Négro next door, awakened by the din, was almost off his head with frenzy. It upset everyone, except Uncle Henri.

"Do you have to sit in the bathroom, holding his hand?" mother threw at Aunt Cynthia. "And you're engaged to be married!"

"To a man who'll knock down another when he's not looking?" Aunt Cynthia laughed a hard little laugh.

"You demand that she marry that flat-footed, phlegmatic *Anglais!*" my uncle echoed, and he laughed, too. "She is going to marry me."

Aunt Cynthia surprisingly turned on him. "Are you crazy?" she asked. "Who said so?"

"One has no need to mention a thing so obvious and natural."

"I would sooner marry—anyone else in the world!" Aunt Cynthia stormed.

NEXT morning a lawyer arrived with an official of the Court and two gendarmes to scare mother out of her wits. An order had been made for Uncle Henri to give up possession of the patent documents. He was almost in tears.

"Am I not on the point of concluding a vast deal in which a fortune is involved?" my uncle screamed. "A scheme to bring inestimable benefits to the people of France? Is not a member of the Government involved?"

"Member of the Government?" the lawyer echoed.

"*Nom d'nom!* You shall see him!" Uncle Henri elbowed his way through the people in the street and he had got halfway to the door of Monsieur Desmoines's house when a low growling from the other side of the gate warned him. Uncle kept to the safe side, and continued his impassioned argument, but he had to yell. Négro was lashing himself into a fury.

"It is true that I have bought the rights in the invention," Monsieur Desmoines confirmed. "I am arranging to finance the project."

"There is a deed of partnership," the lawyer pointed out. "You can do nothing without the consent of my client, Professor Flambert."

My uncle appealed to the crowd that had collected. "I am a Frenchman," he began. "Down with tyranny! Are we to be treated as slaves?"

It was very stirring. In the heat of the moment someone leaned on Monsieur Desmoines's front gate and like the cork from a bottle of champagne Négro shot out into the street. With an unerring instinct he made straight as an arrow for the orator, but uncle was too quick this time, and beat him to our porch.

Négro did what the police could never have done. He cleared the rue Notre Dame des Champs in eight seconds dead.

My uncle signed for me to follow him quietly upstairs. "Guzu, *mon brave*," he said. "You have seen the police and that lawyer man? The time has come for me to leave this house!"

My heart dropped.

"First, I must leave by the back way," said my uncle. "Over the wall, eh? You will help?"

The thought of losing him brought a lump to my throat, but I helped him throw his clothes into the bag and we tip-toed down the hall. He had his papers in a portfolio under his arm.

He had one leg over the wall when he caught his elbow a crack and let fly a Gallic oath. As at a given signal the french window burst open and Négro shot over the lawn. He caught a trailing foot before uncle could withdraw it and he pulled Uncle Henri down off the wall.

Before uncle could make the drawing-room and get the french window closed he had to toss the dog three times over the fence. There was precious little left of his last pair of trousers when he turned to face the company that was assembled in my mother's drawing-room.

"What is that man doing in this house?" my uncle demanded, pointing a shaking finger at his partner, Professor Flambert.

"You appear to have sold me something that did not belong to you," Monsieur Desmoines pointed out mildly. He was sitting by the piano stroking his beard.

"Everyone conspires to rob me," moaned my uncle. "This is too much! I shall cast myself before a train! I shall fling myself from the roof!"

"Monsieur Desmoines," Aunt Cynthia mentioned, looking at the ceiling, "has the money and the influence——"

Uncle Henri stopped moaning. He said: "You mean—he will continue?"

"But, naturally!" Monsieur Desmoines stated.

My uncle's expression underwent one of its quick changes. "You are right! You have judgment! Make no mistake!—it was a magnificent idea of Flambert's in the first instance!"

The professor raised his hands. "The way in which Monsieur Calvados has thrown in his undoubted genius——"

"No, no!" cried my uncle.

"What talent in business affairs!" the professor insisted. "What energy! What a grasp of essentials!"

"My dear friend! You exaggerate!"

DURING the exchange an ominous sound of mining and sapping was heard outside the french windows. "*Mille tonnerre!*" cried my uncle, overcome by the injustice of it all. "What now does that frightful animal require? I have no wardrobe left."

"The only little trouble," the professor mentioned thoughtfully, "is that the lawyer who waits outside in the hall here has some self-generated expectation of half what may come out of this affair. I imagine—imbecile that he is—he will not wish to leave with the gendarmes until he gets the papers—or his fee."

"*Fee?*" My uncle's voice yelped at the thought. "Guzu!" he commanded. "Open the french window!"

In the next half minute my uncle shot down the hall like a greased eel and out of the house to leap adroitly back inside again, slamming the front door behind Négro, who by then had cleared the path of lawyers and police.

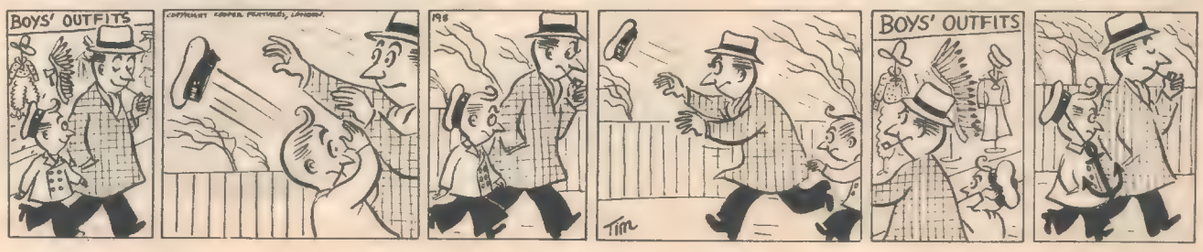
A few minutes later, I found Uncle Henri standing in the pantry looking at Aunt Cynthia. There was a sloppy look on Uncle Henri's face.

I went out into the garden, disappointed in my uncle and vaguely hurt. After the glory and dash of the last few minutes to descend to such silliness!

Stomping glumly round the garden, I caught sight in the gathering dusk of something that looked like a grey aspidistra asleep peacefully in the yard.

"*Hey!*" I whispered. "Psst! Cats!" And I started to run down the fence with the stick held against the slats.

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM



Poker-faced, they study a new one. Left to right: Arthur Ivey, Sidney Emons, Douglas Craggs, Jack Salvin, Michael Shaw

Inside the Magic Circle

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Magicians like exposing fakes but try to keep their own secrets. That's what the Circle is for. Between them they can do every trick there is—except one

A PARTY OF MEMBERS of the Magic Circle were once at a night club in Paris. But with champagne at 4,600 francs a bottle, money was running short. One of the magicians showed the manager of the club a few tricks. He was so entertained that he asked for the tricks to be repeated on the floor of the house, and later waived payment of the bill.

"Magic is a passport anywhere," says Douglas Craggs, vice-president of the Magic Circle. "Now when I was in Guatemala . . ." and he goes on to relate how the witch doctors of a tribe gathered round as he appeared to smash an egg against his thigh and produce it whole the other side.

That trick baffled the witch doctors, and they smashed dozens of eggs trying to copy it. "They're probably still at it," Craggs concludes.

It is a Monday night and we are at the Magic Circle's clubroom in a basement of St. Ermin's Hotel. At one end is a small stage where the very latest developments in magical art are to be demonstrated, and the room is filled with a low-geared revving of male voices. To recreate the atmosphere you'd have to borrow from Christie's just before an auction, and from a midnight feast of fifth formers, without the lemonade and tuck.

It is a mixed gathering. There is the Duke of Somerset, the president. "No mere figurehead," says Craggs, "but a real magician."

The Great Lyle is here discussing evanishment with Neil Weaver and Col-Ling-Soo, the Circle's only living founder members; and in the next group is Willane, the Immaculate Inebriate, helping to entertain a doctor magician from Jamaica and a musician magician from Canada.

I met Francis White, the Circle's secretary, who specializes in bar tricks, and Arthur Ivey, curator of the Circle's magical relics. "And allow me to introduce Jack Salvin," says Craggs. "Jack is a wine merchant and the world's greatest card trickster."

Salvin spreads a pack of cards. I think of a card. He splits the pack in three. I tell him the pile my card is in. He rubs his thumb against each card.

"Your card!" he says. But it isn't. Salvin hangs his head. "Mistakes can happen in the best magic circles!"

Craggs himself performs "Out of this World," the card miracle that still is supposed to have Churchill guessing. The demonstrator hands the pack to a member of his audience to deal out in equal piles face down in any order; when turned over the cards in one pile are all reds, those in the other all blacks.

Colonel Brian Macarthy produces coloured snooker balls between his fingers until he has a dozen that he drops on the stage with a clatter.

"These," says Craggs, indicating his contemporaries crowding the room, "are the living members. Those—" and he points to pictures of the Circle's ancestors adorning the walls, "those are the dead."

One is a yellowing photo-enlargement of a distinguished Victorian—Maskelyne—John Neville Maskelyne, father of modern magic and founder member of the Magic Circle. "Had he never been a magician," Craggs goes on, "he would have still been famous as an inventor."

It was Maskelyne who first introduced the matinée, who created Psycho, the robot chess-player; and was it not Maskelyne who patented the first penny-slot lavatory door?

The Magic Circle was founded in 1905. It grew out of a need at the time—a sudden increase in the popularity of magic, and the leakage of magical secrets to the Press. Enthusiastic amateurs had started practising; the only way of keeping their mouths shut was by roping them into a society with a pledge to maintain top secrecy.

This has remained the strictest commandment of the Circle's code, and for breaking it offenders have been expelled ruthlessly. David Devant, the Circle's first president, was no exception. When he was indiscreet with the Press, out he went; though later he was readmitted.

Baiting Bogus Mediums

Admitted deceivers themselves, Magic Circle members have never hesitated to expose fakes — card sharpers, three-card tricksters and the like. But their favourite sport is baiting bogus mediums. Maskelyne himself founded the Circle's Occult Committee, having become a conjurer in the first place as a result of his challenge to expose the alleged psychic powers of two American mediums, the Davenport Brothers.

In forty years of ghost breaking, the committee claims a bag of 300 ghosts, all well and truly laid.

Members of the committee are drawn from the Circle's exclusive Inner Magic Circle, all skilled illusionists and sleight-of-hand experts. "We attend séances," Craggs explains, "but we don't disclose who we are."

At Cardiff lately a man and wife were reported causing the bodies of dead persons to materialize and charging a fee for relatives to see and converse with "loved ones." But suddenly during one of these conversations a light was flashed on and two Occult Committee members rushed into the "cabinet" to seize the luminous material and a wire contraption that were being used.

"Spirit" Picture Racket

"Anything a poltergeist can do, we can do better," Craggs says. "I remember Conan Doyle once visited us to lecture on spirit photography. He was most annoyed when J. B. Seymour, the philatelist and occultist, stated that these were no more than clever double exposures.

"As a result, Conan Doyle arranged for us to visit an old crippled charlady, who was doing rather well out of producing spirit pictures for thirty shillings a time. She agreed to submit to the test on the condition the photographic plates we supplied were of a certain size and unmarked. We agreed.

"The plates we supplied were unmarked but we used an ingenious device to mark each plate while in her possession.

"It was a most exhausting experience. She put the plates under a

Bible and we sat for an hour, with hands outstretched, singing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'

"When that was over she said she would now develop the plates. They went into a dish of developer solution. One of the plates had the impression of a woman in white, but it was the only plate without our mark.

"She had, in fact, substituted it, when she thought we'd be too tired to notice; one of the committee had seen it being done. I shall never forget some of the unbiblical names she called us, but I don't think Conan Doyle felt the same about spirit photography after that."

Women Are Barred

Membership of the Magic Circle now stands at over 1,200, to include practically every professional and amateur magician of standing in the country. It is the largest and most powerful body of its kind in the world, pledged to the study of the art of magic and devoted to the welfare of magicians.

Only males (over eighteen) are eligible. The society has three degrees of membership—ordinary, Associate Membership of the Inner Magic Circle, and Membership of the I.M.C. Promotion is for outstanding services to the society, or for skill, knowledge and distinction in the art.

As a reservoir of magical knowledge, nothing appears comparable in history. Members claim that no trick has yet been performed which they cannot repeat—either from their library of 3,000 books and manuscripts on magic, or from their Register of Effects in which new magical ideas can be entered and copyrighted.

Only one trick the Circle cannot explain. "And that," says Craggs, "is the Indian Rope Trick, which I submit is only a traveller's tale."

The first mention of the Indian Rope Trick appears in a twelfth-century manuscript, when a Chinese donkey was reported climbing up a rope and vanishing. Two centuries later the current version of the trick is supposed to have appeared in India.

Ever since, travellers have mentioned having seen it, from Marco Polo 700 years ago to writers of letters to *The Times*. Still it had never been witnessed by a living conjurer, and members of the Magic Circle once decided to study the subject pretty thoroughly.

No One Has Seen It

Combing through the correspondence columns of the newspapers, they finally traced about 2,600 persons who had written in the last twenty years stating they had actually witnessed the trick. All were questioned. The investigation took three years.

"At the end of that time," says Craggs, "we agreed it was impossible to accept any of the statements made."

But 2,600 liars? All respectable writers of letters to *The Times*!

Not necessarily liars, but faulty observers. One woman was typical. She claimed to have witnessed the trick in Benares when on tour in 1928.

She admitted to keeping a diary of the tour, but when asked to show an entry of the trick having been seen, was unable to do so.

Apparently there is nothing the West can learn from the East as far as conjuring is concerned. We have all their famous tricks—the "Cups and Balls," the "Growing Mango Tree," the "Water Shell," the "Pierced Basket," and we can do them more effectively.

Craggs remembers meeting Amir Buksh, who opened an Indian Temple of Mystery at Wembley Exhibition in 1924. "A great master of situation," Craggs says. Once he was being heckled on the stage by a rather brazen factory girl, into whose hands he was pouring coins that changed into rubies; she made fun of his English, until suddenly the necklace in her hand materialized into two live writhing snakes and the girl ran off the stage shrieking.

Off the stage, it is comforting to know, even the greatest of performers have no more extraordinary powers than normal people in their audiences. Craggs remembers Houdini, the famous escape artist and laugher-at of locksmiths, losing his latch key late one night and being unable to get into his flat.

And there was Kuda Bux, the Indian with the sightless vision, who'd stuff lumps of dough in his eyes, and allow his head to be bandaged down to his neck, then read what was written on a blackboard. One night Craggs ran into the same Kuda Bux groping in the blackout with a torch at the back of the Aldwych theatre.

Ventriloquist At Eight

Few men can talk with such intimacy about magicians as Craggs. He has been studying them all his life, and his membership of the Magic Circle goes back thirty years. At the age of eight he became a ventriloquist, much to the amusement of his school friends and the discomfort of the masters until his accomplishment was discovered.

Craggs has since written the only practical textbook on ventriloquism. He has travelled widely. Magicians say there is no greater expert on the magical arts alive, but this is what he has to say of them: "If magicians are not all lunatics, they're not far short of it.

"I've seen men squander fortunes on tricks that have later been sold for a song. There was a magician in Loughborough who built a private theatre, just to amuse friends with his tricks. And I know the director of a Bond Street firm who will go anywhere, distance no object, just to see new magic."

"I've fought a losing battle with magic ever since I got married," a magician's wife once said. "I would never dream of asking my husband to choose between us. I wouldn't stand a chance."

Nobody contradicts Douglas Craggs when he says: "I'm afraid we are not normal men."

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

My well-meant word quite shocked her

by HERBERT HODGE

I OFFENDED A WOMAN I met the other day by including her, with myself, in the phrase "us common people." Now I'm wondering what I can write to her to soothe her feelings.

One thing I'm sure of. I shall never be able to write one of those best-selling books on how to make friends and influence people. All my life I've found it much easier to make enemies and offend people. And usually with the best intentions.

Thinking it over, I've come to the conclusion it's because I'm afflicted with the habit of making mildly funny remarks (or remarks that *I* think are mildly funny at the time). The trouble, of course, is that other people don't always see the remark in quite the same light. Then I'm faced with the task of explaining to the person who is not amused that I only meant it in fun. I've found few things in life more difficult.

And I've found you don't have to laugh *at* people to offend them. You can be very careful not to do that, yet still offend some people by merely attempting to laugh *with* them.

In this particular case, it began with a harmless reference to a radio programme. She said she liked it. I said I liked it, too. Then, driven on by this cursed habit of mine, I said several superior persons had told me they thought it rather vulgar, but I was quite sure most of us common people thought it first rate.

That did it. She was shocked and hurt. She said the one thing she had always prided herself on was the fact that she was *not* common; and she couldn't think what had made me imagine she was. We parted rather primly.

My Best Hope

I'd like to put it right with a soothing letter, if I can. I don't think it's any use trying to explain I only meant to be funny. She obviously doesn't think the subject at all funny. My best hope is to try and find a more tolerable word for "common."

For my part, I've always enjoyed the thought that I *am* common, in the proper sense of the word—one of the common people; a member of the commonalty. It gives me a pleasant feeling of companionship—a feeling that there are plenty more like me. But so many people still take it in the snob sense, with a touch of inferiority added to it.

I might try telling her I only meant she's an ordinary woman. But "ordinary" is a dangerous adjective to offer a woman whose vanity has been hurt. "Average," "decent" and even "good"—when applied to the word "woman"—seem to be equally dangerous. There's a flavour of patronage about them all.

Now that I come to think of it, I don't myself much like being called an "ordinary" man; and still less an "average" man. But the worst adjective of all in this group, I think, is the one that is so popular in America — "little man." I could never feel happy in a society that expected me to like being called a "little man."

This is one of the drawbacks of living in a classless society. In the old days, when society was divided into rigid castes, everybody had his or her proper title, according to the group they were born into. You were born a lord, a lady, an esquire, a freeman or a serf. And that was that. Everybody knew exactly what they were themselves and what to call each other.

Awkward Question

But chaps like John Ball started asking that awkward question:

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

And as no lord, lady, knight or esquire was able to think of a satisfactory answer, they began to find their old society crumbling and disputes going on about who was entitled to be who. We've been having these difficulties about our labels ever since.

The French Revolution made the best attempt to settle it, I think, by sweeping away all the old titles and calling everyone "Citizen" or "Citizeness." But then Napoleon demanded to be called "Emperor"; and the whole trouble started again.

So now, most of us are reduced to unsatisfactory adjectives like "ordinary, average, decent, little" and whatnot. It isn't good enough. I much prefer Citizen and Citizeness. A citizen and a citizeness can be ordinary in some things and extraordinary in others—common in some things and uncommon in others—which is surely what all we normal people are.

That word "normal" is probably the one satisfactory modern adjective. No one could object to being called normal. Or, at least, I've never met anyone who wanted to be called abnormal.

So perhaps I could write a soothing letter beginning: "My dear Citizeness, I didn't mean what you thought I meant when I classed you with common people. I only meant you were normal."

But I think, in a case like this, considering it's a letter to a woman and an injured woman at that, I might do better to go the whole hog and simply tell her she's wonderful. Even the most sensitive woman is usually willing to accept that label.

Bill Browning (left): he's on the look-out for daddy-long-legs types

Basketball, the world sport

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

If sport can bind nations together basketball will do it. Already fifty-seven countries play the game—and abide by the same rules. Top dogs—America and Russia

THERE ARE STILL TIMES when rangy, six-foot Bill Browning thinks seriously of abandoning his self-imposed mission to convert Britain to basketball. These occasions are the days when Browning, a moustachioed and partly bald man of forty-one, receives letters addressed to *Miss* Browning.

"Dear Miss Browning," declared one such missive. "Our girls are already playing your game."

This was the reply of a headmasters' association. Browning, as honorary secretary of the Amateur Basketball Association of England and Wales, had written them in a campaign to get the game adopted by British schools.

Happily for the peace of the Browning family, father now rarely gets letters like this at their Ealing home. He is more likely to threaten resignation from basketball on the grounds that it takes up too much time.

Basketball is booming in Britain and Browning now has over 350 clubs and 10,000 players affiliated to the association. He also gets inquiries on how to spread the game from such far-flung spots as Cyprus and Trinidad.

Fifty-seven nations are members of the International Amateur Basketball Federation and if the United Nations ever adopt an international pastime, basketball would be a logical choice. It is the one team game they all play according to the same rules.

There might even be some significance in the fact that, while the Americans won the Olympic championship for basketball, the Russians are the current world title holders.

Browning, who belongs to the international - understanding - through - sport school, has just come back from Nice, where he has been keeping the peace between a number of European teams competing for places in the 1950 world championships at Buenos Aires.

There were no British teams in the tournament. "We aren't good enough yet," Browning says. "It will take us ten years to bring a European championship home."

A British team has still to win our own national title. The holders of the English championship are a band of American missionaries. With the exception of two war years when the Polish Army reigned supreme on English basketball courts, the missionaries—Mormons from the Church of the Latter Day Saints in Utah—have dominated the game.

The Mormons come to Britain as part of their church's extensive missionary campaign. Occasionally British fans wonder if they are not specially picked for basketball.

Taught At School

The reason for their success is to be found in their school training. In the United States, ninety-six per cent of the secondary schools play basketball.

"More people watch basketball in America than the combined attendances at baseball and football," Browning says.

What draws the fans are the antics of two teams of five men each racing up and down a court approximately eighty-five feet by forty-six feet. At the opposite ends are the goals, iron rings eighteen inches in diameter mounted horizontally ten feet above the floor. The object of the game is to drop a leather ball, about nine and a half inches in diameter, through the eighteen-inch hoop.

Basketball is a distant cousin of football. It was invented in 1891 by a Dr. James Naismith, a Canadian, who was trying to find a method of playing football indoors.

He ruled out tackling to eliminate injuries and raised the goals above the the floor to make scoring easier. The first goals were peach baskets.

"It's a highly technical game," Browning claims. "The first time people try it they charge around like a lot of madmen. When they have learned the game they move almost like ballet dancers."

Art Of Dribbling

The first thing a player learns is how to dribble the ball, the art of of running while bouncing a ball in such a manner that an opponent can't take it away. The player is not allowed to take a step without bouncing the ball although he can make as many steps as he likes between bounces.

Ballet poses are unconsciously adopted as players leave the ground to shoot. A good player can score with a high arching shot from centre court or with a one-handed tip while racing underneath the basket. He must be able to sink a free throw—made from fifteen feet in front of the basket—ninety times out of a hundred.

Seconds really count in basketball where a team is given exactly ten seconds in which to get the ball out of its own end of the court. Five seconds is all that is allowed when the ball is thrown into play from the side-lines. Three seconds is the limit any attacking player may remain within six feet of the goal.

Tackling and tripping are illegal, but the pace still takes so much out of a player that substitutes are really necessary. Accidents are fewer, however, than in the days when Browning learned the game at the Regent Street Polytechnic.

"It was murder," he declares. "I can remember one game in the East End where a player was hurled from the floor with such force that his head went through the side of a piano. They had to take the piano apart to get him out."

Those were the days before the formation of the Amateur Basketball Association of England and Wales. Each team had its own version of the rules and no holds were barred.

Today the association has 100 qualified referees and thirty-seven highly trained coaches. Basketball is also played in teachers' training colleges. This means more instructors will be available for school teams. It has also been adopted as a major sport by the three Services.

Yank Teams Are Lanky

Popular crusaders in the sport are the U.S. armed services stationed in Britain. The American Air Force team actually flies about the country to give demonstrations.

Most American teams are distinguished by long-legged stars whose height is a considerable advantage. Height is such a factor that Browning is given to eyeing anyone he sees over six feet. "I often feel like tapping them on the shoulder and asking them to try the game. That's the way the Yanks do it. Their Olympic team included one seven-footer and four men who were six feet nine."

The Americans won the Olympic title but their victory was followed by an international agreement to divide the teams into two categories—those with players over six foot three and those with the normal run of men. The decision was a great relief to the Chinese and other Far Eastern teams whose players are small in stature.

Enthusiastic new players are the Finns. They took up the game in 1946 and two years later had 50,000 players. The Russians, when they adopted basketball, sent fifty coaches to the United States to learn the game. They returned to train men who eventually brought them a world's championship.

"The way the game is expanding all over the world," says Browning, "we'll probably be sending out basketball teams instead of diplomats."

A small boat of no

by WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD FORSTER

They smashed his boat. They told him he was consumed by foolish pride. But they didn't know, these old ones, that he had magic in his hands. One day he'd show them

THE BOY RAN, head down and legs driving. The sand was hard and cool, with the night's coolness. The boy's toes dug deep into the sand, propelling him urgently. He outran the voices and heard them no longer.

Then he reached the softer sand of the rind of beach called La Ressource. This was where the *pirogues* lay—the dugout boats of the fishermen.

The sky was growing lighter. A narrow ribbon of pearl unrolled in the east, far beyond the cape, above the West Indian sea. The boats slept in the sand, beneath massed and leaning coco palms.

The boy moved silently through the boats and at the far end of the beach found his own, concealed in mangroves. "Wake up," he said, and his hand touched gently upon the gunwale, a conspirator's pat. Now his feet sank deep into the sand as, with shoulder against the smooth hull, he pushed.

The boat came alive. A wave curled up the beach to meet them. They were afloat. The boy's paddle dug swiftly and repeatedly into the water; the bows of the *pirogue* confronted three quick successive waves, surmounting them. An instant passed, and they were in the smother of spray flung wildly upward from the reef.

You can smell reefs and if your life depends upon it you can smell channels through the reefs. The boy, his breath caught tensely in his throat, dipped his paddle for a full starboard thrust—a half thrust on the left—a full hard driving thrust again on the left. The *pirogue* responded.

The whiteness of wave crests shattered about the bows and once the hull scraped fleetingly on coral. Water dashed inboard. The boy shouted aloud. The paddle swirled and struck.

Then they were through. In deep water, outside the reef, the *pirogue* rode easily on the swell. The boy relaxed. He sucked in a long breath, filling his lungs; and then he grinned. No matter how you looked at it, this had been a good performance, this trial of skill on the reef. His boat had kept her head up like a veteran. He'd have given almost anything he owned—his knife, his string of *lambi* shells—if old Mapu, the builder of boats, had seen. And if the girl Erzilie, a granddaughter of Mapu, had seen.

The stars went out, the east flamed suddenly. The boy turned his eyes to the shore. The *pirogues* of the fishermen, running the reefs, flashed in the brittle, intense white light of morning. The boy waved and laughed; he waited.

The boy shouted, and the man came over. The testing time had arrived

IN the first boat through the reef sat lean and wrinkled Mapu, chief of the village elders, whose stringy arms knew magic in the fashioning of a hull. Mapu came near; his lips spoke nothing but his eyes pronounced an intensity of disapproval. He too waited. It was the fifth boat that carried the man Ti-Bou, mender of nets, father of the boy.

"Go home," the man said. His voice was hard. "Tonight when I return I will destroy your boat."

Now all the boats were there, bobbing on the swell, close about in a circle. All the men of the village were listening. "Please, Father," the boy said. For the first time the sharp realization of his error welled up within him and struck at his chest. "I wanted to help with the fishing. . . ."

"Examine yourself," his father said gravely. "You wanted to escape from the gardens and the work of the women. You wanted to run from the task proper to your years. But mostly you wanted to display this clumsy boat you've built in imitation of the skill of boatmen. You wanted us to say: 'The youth is clever, isn't he?' "

Ti-Bou leaned on the paddle that lay across his gunwales. He spoke with controlled anger. "But you are not clever. You are consumed with pride. Go home."

The other men in the other boats nodded. The eyes of Mapu were stern and without sympathy. The boy looked at his father, and away again, and said, barely loud enough to be heard: "I'm sorry. But—must the boat be destroyed?"

No one answered. Everyone waited.

The boy read the reply in that silence. He dipped his paddle and moved through the circle of boats towards the white water of the reef.

In the evening the boat was broken with a stone. The boy, Ti-Moune, watched.

"This is for pride," his father said. The stone crashed through the thin hard shell of the *pirogue*. The boy's eyes moved covertly from one face to another, seeing the eyes of the fishermen where the firelight glinted. The pain turned like a knife inside him, but he did not question, even to himself, his father's right to destroy the boat he had shaped.

I will build another boat, he said under his breath. Without the error of pride.

He thought about that even as the stone splintered the *pirogue* upon the sand. The new boat, he said in his mind, will be the same length but just a little wider. Maybe two thumbs wider. . . .

There must be no concealment. "Father," he said softly, conscious of the eyes of the men upon him, "I would like to build a new boat—after the work in the gardens—in the evenings, when work is finished."

Sternly Ti-Bou said: "Without pride?"

"Yes," the boy said. "Yes, Father. It would be a simple small boat of no value."

"I am sure of that," his father said. "Perhaps the lesson has been learned. The men of this village, when they build boats, seek the advice of Mapu. It may be that Mapu will agree to instruct you, and that in time, with the passing of years, you will learn something about the building of boats."

Ti-Bou looked at Mapu. The gnarled old man nodded. The boy said: "I am grateful."

But he did not want the instruction of the old one, Mapu. Was this, too, conceit and arrogance?

He didn't think so. He had as much respect as anybody for the magic of Mapu's hands; and yet—was it really true that the design of old Mapu's boats left nothing at all to be desired? He'd seen them swamp one or twice, bows-under when a great wave sent them planing into a trough; and once or twice he'd seen them go hopelessly out of control in the swirling shallows over a reef.

WHY hadn't anybody else ever tried building a boat—as he had—a hand's span wider than the boats of Mapu, with sharper bows, with a flatter stern section? Why shouldn't this be reasonable experiment? Wasn't it possible that such a boat might have better balance at no sacrifice of speed?

He wasn't really sure. He'd had no chance to give his boat—now splintered in the sand—a fair trial. But the urge to find out was terribly strong.

His father's voice penetrated. "And it will be Mapu who will make the decision whether your boat, if you ever shape another, is to be allowed to ride in the sea beside the boats of the village." Ti-Bou gripped the boy's arm firmly. "This you understand?"

"I understand."

On this island, La Gonave, lifting out of the tropical blue of the West Indian sea not many miles off the mainland of Hispaniola—within a single day's sail of Cuba if the wind is strong from the east—Ti-Moune had been born in a house

value

Erzilie touched his arm gently. "Listen to me," she said. "Old men don't like things to change." He shrugged

of wattle under a roof of thatch. He was twelve years old and, like everyone else he had ever known or seen, dark skinned.

His tightly curled hair fitted like a cap on his small round skull. His arms were long, and the thinness of occasional hunger was in him; but there was also a promise of hard muscles. The important thing is that he was small, not large; a man of the sea, a fisherman venturing across the waters in a dugout shell, must be nimble and light of weight.

The pattern of his life was a fixed part of the pattern of La Gonave. Women and children worked in the gardens, tending the corn and yams; men fished. When a boy reached a certain age, twelve or perhaps fourteen, the elders withdrew him from the gardens—from the women's work—and took him out to sea. He was instructed in the wiles of fishes and the tricks of reef and storm.

If he proved quite incorrigibly stupid, as from time to time some boy did, he was put to herding the village cattle and the bony, loud-voiced pigs. This was ignominy, of course, and loaded shame on the head of his fisherman father; yet someone had to guard and guide the cattle in the hills, and a boy who could not learn the habit of the sea—or worse, who feared the sea—thus found useful occupation and earned his food.

Some boys had, as the phrase runs, fish scales in their blood. Though bound through childhood to the gardens, they lived beside the sea and early absorbed something of the sea's rhythm. Ti-Moune was one of these. In his third year he swam better than he walked. He learned, in time, to dive beside the coral, learned how to catch the *langoustes*—those thorny, clawless lobsters—with his bare hands and avoid the fearful spines.

On afternoons when work slacked off in the gardens, he fashioned model boats, little *pirogues* of pine and mahogany. In a lonely cove a mile beyond the village, where almost nobody ever went, he played with his boats, towing them about the shallows by a length of sisal cord.

Some of the boats he carved were far better than others. Something in the accidental design of one enabled it, for instance, to breast the miniature waves without tipping at all, whereas another skittered like a frightened lizard. Why?

I know why, he thought; it's the way the stern goes and the way the bow is cut. And if a new small boat, patiently carved, turned out to be skittish, he broke it across his knee.

Through the long dry-season afternoons he experimented; in his tenth year he built a model four feet long (it carried him across the murderous elkhorn coral of the lagoon's outer reef!); and when he was eleven he achieved a *pirogue* twelve feet long, sharp in the bows and with a flat-floored stern, after the fashion of his finest model, and kept it concealed in a mangrove tunnel and raced it wildly across the lagoon only when he knew he was secure from any observation.

He was confident that his arms had grown skilled in the use of the paddle. He had perfected a hundred subtle tricks of balance, so that his body was almost literally part of his boat—so that his boat was almost as much a part of his body as an arm or a leg. He had learned to recognize and combat the conflicting forces that make up a breaking wave. He knew reefs, he respected every reef and feared none.

And suddenly, one day in his twelfth year, he awoke to a conviction that he was ready to build a boat for the deep waters, a full-size boat.

The thought burned and exploded in his brain.

He'd build a magic boat of his own design, without regard for the village. Mapu the boatmaker had outlived his usefulness. Mapu, hidebound old man, adhered rigidly to a pattern of hull without knowing why he did so, merely because some other old man ten thousand suns ago had told him this was the best way—the only way—to build a boat.

Of course, they were good boats; but the best? Ti-Moune didn't think so.

Ti-Moune laughed at the thought of racing ahead of the fleet one fine morning—of darting out of concealment and cutting through the fleet. He could hear the amazed cries of the fishermen: "Ti-Moune, do you carry a hurricane in your paddle?" The applause of the elders thundered in his head. He had to sit down on a shelf of sand. He was actually a little giddy.

That was the week he had gone up the cliffs west of the village and found a mahogany tree of precisely the proper size. He hacked through the base with his machete and chopped away the branches; sweating, he tumbled the tree down a cliff and into the sea. He floated it to his secret tunnel in the thick mangroves, and beached it.

Four months of hard work with his sensitive hands went into the shaping of his *pirogue*—seventeen feet long, a greatest width of twenty-six inches at the three-quarters mark of total length, knife-sharp bows with a calculated flare at the waterline, and an almost flat-floored stern.

He chuckled when he thought of old Mapu's discomfiture over that stern section. Mapu's sterns were round as a Spanish melon! And that, Ti-Moune told himself, was exactly what was wrong with them. Blind old Mapu!

At last the four months of labour ended. The hull was strong and light and smooth. It seemed somehow tense, alive, poised in readiness for flight—a flying-fish caught in a static instant. One evening after sunset the boy moved the boat to the far end of La Ressource beach, where the village fleet was drawn up on the sand. He cached it well and stole silently home.

And it was next night that his boat was broken with a stone. Because of pride, because of conceit and arrogance.

"Go back to the gardens," his father had said.

So he went back to the gardens, and without tears. Foremost in his thoughts was a painful wondering what Erzilie would say to him. Would she laugh? Would there be scorn?

He thought he could bear anything but scorn. Not that the opinions of girls actually mattered. But Erzilie (slender, with long straight legs and wide-spaced eyes and a mouth as delicately warm as a flower touched by the sun) was no ordinary girl. She was special, and possessed true dignity, and did not make a business of being a whispering, giggling female creature. . . .

Because she was the daughter of Mela, who was the daughter of Mapu.

She, twelve, too, had worked beside him in all the seasons in the fields of yams and corn; and although she sometimes wore bright shell beads to decorate her throat, and owned a pair of scarlet shoes Mapu had brought from Cuba once, she had all the brave humility of people who are sure of themselves.

She gave him neither scorn nor laughter.

At nine o'clock, with the sun high, they dug in the yam fields with pointed sticks.

Below them the sea glinted in the sun like broken blue glass. "I'm sorry they broke your boat," Erzilie said. "You were wrong to do what you

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A SMALL BOAT OF NO VALUE

Continued from previous page

did—but I wish I had seen your boat before they broke it."

Ti-Moune straightened his back. Away off to the south he could make out the boats of the fishermen. "I was wrong," he said in a flat voice. "Wrong to build my boat in concealment and with pride. But not wrong about the design. I think it would have been a better boat than any in the fleet."

"That's pride, too," the girl said.

"Is it?" Ti-Moune answered. "Is it pride to say a chip floats better than a bucket?"

He told her then about the sharper, flaring bows, the flat-floored stern of his boat. She listened seriously. But at the end she shook her head. "Mapu would not approve," she said. "Even if you built the boat without pride, Mapu wouldn't let it ride with the boats of the village."

"He'd have to!" Ti-Moune cried. "His two eyes would tell him it was a better boat."

The girl reached out and touched his arm gently. "Listen to me," she said. "Old men don't like it when things change. They respect the ways of their fathers."

He shrugged, then, and turned away.

"Your spirit will lead you into unhappiness," the girl said quickly. "But I would dearly like to see this boat of yours, if ever it happens that you build another."

He built another. The drive to make a new boat—and this one better than the last—urgently forced him on, denying him rest. He worked openly, without concealment, on the beach at La Ressource. The word went round. People flocked to watch. The boy said nothing, equally ignoring their jests and their stares. He gave himself wholly to his work, in all his hours of free time, and after a while he ceased to be of much interest. The people of the village went back to their card games and their net mending.

But old Mapu continued to come. It was obvious from the start that the old man admired the subtle, assured skill of the boy's hands in the shaping of the wood. One evening he squatted on his haunches very close to the boy, watching the flick of the machete as it bit cleanly into the tree trunk. "Your eye is good," he said. "Your hand knows the tool."

"Thank you," Ti-Moune said. His heart bounded with pleasure.

In time the shape of the new boat began to be apparent. It was then that the lips of old Mapu pressed together in disapproval.

Plainly, he did not sanction the beam of the craft—too wide; just as plainly, he disliked the flat-floored stern that grew under the boy's knife. This departure was revolutionary. It stood as a direct affront to every other boat-builder in the village.

The boy worked doggedly ahead, eyes averted. At last Mapu, in something very like a mood of wrath, could stand it no longer.

"Why, boy, must you be a rock, immovable?" he cried. His voice lifted higher and cracked. "A child at the breast should know that a rounded stern distributes the upward thrust of a following sea."

"Sire," Ti-Moune said quietly, "my boat is a simple small boat of no value. I build it this way because my hands tell me to."

Old Mapu shrugged once in anger and stamped away. And the boy, his face sullen with the purpose that burned inside him, went ahead building his boat with the sharp, flaring bows, the flat-floored stern, the greater width.

Then came the evening when Mapu pronounced his verdict. This was a solemn hour. Old Mapu came and paced stiff-legged in the sand about the boat. To the boy he said: "Stand aside." He tapped the hull in twenty places with a fist-sized stone and listened to the sound it made. He measured the hull with his measuring cord, crawled on his stomach to study, long and intently, the curves of bow and the radical flatness of stern.

Finally, shaking his head, he raised up his long old body.

He said, sternly: "Finish this boat if you must. But hear what I say to you: It will not go out with the village fleet. We cannot allow other villages to ridicule us for the absurdity of this boat—built like a deformed cucumber."

But when the elder had left, Ti-Moune picked up his knife and automatically went on with his work. His small face was a mask that no one might read. Abruptly he was aware that Erzilie was close beside him.

"There's magic in your hands," the girl said. "I've heard Mapu declare it. He's said it several times. If only you would build a boat the way he thinks it should be built. It's your stubbornness that makes a poison inside you! You forget the respect you owe to the wisdom of the elders."

"I forget everything," Ti-Moune said harshly, "except what my eyes have told me about the true shape of a boat. Mapu is a fool, they're all fools. Go tell them that I said so. Go away from me."

She turned, and ran towards the village in the gathering darkness of night. The boy cupped a handful of sand in his hard palm and scrubbed the gunwale of his boat until it took on the smoothness of flesh. His muscles ached with the frenzy of his effort. He cried out that he hated the girl and he hated her grandfather and all the village—and he knew that this was his hour of defeat.

Tears brimmed up hot in his eyes. Nothing shall be left undone, he cried to himself. I'll finish my boat and let it lie in the sand to rot. . . .

But he did not finish it. Neither was it left in the sand to rot.

The fury that sprang full grown out of the eastern horizon came without warning, on the very day that might have seen the completion of his boat. It came without the usual signs of blood-red sun, glassy sea, windless heavens.

The beginning was at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the boats of the fleet, returning homeward, stood two miles off the village. A towering, inverted cone of cloud appeared innocently in the east; and grew. It mushroomed away to the north and south. On an instant the cloud unfolded to reveal a muddy black core. The boy on the beach looked up. Then out of the cloud rushed the wind.

In the village a woman bawled: "Hurricane——" The door of her house flew away. A child screamed, and the wail of its thin voice was lost in the monstrous clashing of the palm fronds. Whitecaps lifted out of the sea, the waves leapt up, the wind was as substantial as a wall of water. Then thunder rolled and mounted until, reaching a peak, it broke like a cannonade.

They were all on the beach, then, the people of the village, leaning into the wind, staring out to the reef where the insane and destructive fury of the waters churned and surged.

The boy saw old Mapu in that instant. His boat was the first boat, planing now with incredible velocity on the face of a wave; man and boat seemed actually to plunge beneath the waters as the wave smashed in disintegration on the reef. But he emerged; his boat darted through the cauldron of reef and a cry went up from the beach.

"He's safe!" Ti-Moune yelled.

One by one, the others managed, miraculously, to swim or to bring their broken boats ashore.

Then the voices were raised again on

THIS WEEK'S COVER

ALTHOUGH the briefcase in this picture bears the initials of cover artist Michael Bernard Critchlow, the hat, umbrella, gloves and case are not his normal garb. They were left to him by his father, who was something in the City, and are now only occasionally used as props for dressing up his models. Critchlow himself prefers more casual clothes. He is a keen golfer (handicap six) and is also a skilled billiards and snooker player.

shore. "André-Nous — Ti-Bou. . . ."

Only two boats were, then, beyond the reef, and the boy knew which was his father's. His father was a little to the rear of André-Nous; and the boat of André-Nous was skittish, its approach to the reef plainly not proper. Could it be leaking, or somehow out of control? Nobody knew, nobody dared say. Then André-Nous started his straight-away run towards the reef.

He gathered furious speed, riding a wave. It looked good—it was a good approach after all! But in that moment he swerved uncontrollably. The wave got under him. The stern of his boat shot skyward and that was the end.

From the beach they saw his body like a black barrel in the sea, and saw that he was clawing away from the reef, fighting the waves to get outside beyond the million knives of coral.

A loud wail went up. Ti-Bou alone, his own boat nearly awash, was powerless beyond the reef.

Mapu tried to heave his boat into the sea to attempt a rescue, but a wave smashed into his bows and lifted like a mighty shoulder, tossing the boat savagely end over end, flinging Mapu back on the beach half drowned. And in the same moment Ti-Moune dug his feet into the sand and laid his weight against the stern of his boat—the untried boat that would never ride with the fleet of the village. "Now," he cried out, "now!" The hull slipped easily down the steep shelf of sand, into the tumult of water.

The first vigorous thrust of his paddle headed him true as a die into the combers. The rush of wind stalled him, sought to throw him back; but he went through. His ears were filled with the booming of the water. He did not know how long it took him to reach the rim of reef, but he knew when he got there and saw the pass opening before him.

He was afraid now. No boat that touched those teeth of coral could live. But he slammed his paddle left and right with all the fury his small body could exert. The bows lifted to a wave, slid over, slipped into the trough. He was through.

The coral behind him—his father's boat ahead. Now André-Nous had reached his father's boat. Head scarcely above the water, he hung on the gunwale with a frozen grip. A dozen strokes brought the boats near together.

"André-Nous!" Ti-Moune cried. And to his father: "Your boat's half swamped! You can't carry him. . . ."

That was true, it couldn't be disputed. André-Nous released his grip on Ti-Bou's boat, seized Ti-Moune's gunwale. Ti-Moune waited for a wave, shifted his weight and nodded the signal. André-Nous, by the waning strength of his arms, hauled himself up and aboard.

He flopped, gasping like a fish, on the floor of the boat. The boy waved to his father. "Go first!" he called.

Then he followed the boat of Ti-Bou through the reef. He heard a voice on the beach shouting his name as, deftly, he caught the thrust of a wave flat under his stern to give him the last full ounce of drive. The hull scraped sand then, and hands grabbed his gunwales to heave the boat in. Someone lifted the fainting André-Nous. Out of the tumult of cries, the voice of Mapu reached him.

"You shipped no water—no wave broke upon you. . . ."

The boy shook his head.

"But why not?" the old man shouted, flailing his arms. "In the name of heaven, why not?"

SUDDENLY, the storm dropped. Its short, furious life had lasted just half an hour. But by then half the houses in the village had lost their thatch.

And the boats which had been drawn up on the beach were now a collection of debris. When the men returned to the wreckage, after the wind died, they found that old Mapu had preceded them, and the boy Ti-Moune was with him. By the side of Ti-Moune's smashed and splintered boat they were sprawled on the sand, the oldest of the elders hugging his ancient knees, with the lean boy.

The fishermen stood in a half circle and listened.

Mapu was saying: ". . . . But the thrust of the wave on the flatness of stern seemed—I say *seemed*—to aid and not deter you in holding the true course. . . ."

"I think so, Sire," the boy said.

"Do you?" the old man said. "H'm'm. . . ." He closed his eyes. His thoughts were deep. When he opened his eyes again he said: "But why? Because of that extra width you gave her? Because the bows were sharp?"

"I don't know, Sire. I'm not sure."

"Aren't you? Then shall we find out? Shall we build another, you and I, and find out why?"

The fishermen scarcely heard the boy's reply. "Yes! Oh, yes, Sire!" but the sounds were choked up in his throat and came out badly. And what the boy did then was a thing that caused immense astonishment among the fishermen assembled. He bent swiftly down and kissed the almost hairless pate of old Mapu—that man of unapproachable dignity—and with never another word turned on his heel and ran like a rabbit up the path that led to Mapu's house.

Then somebody remembered Erzilie. And the men laughed and spoke aloud her name. The syllables faded into awkward silence. There was a moment in which nobody moved, everybody waited.

Mapu himself broke the spell. As all the fishermen watched uncertainly, the august old man arose stiffly from the sand. He stood very tall, quite motionless and terrible for the space of a long breath. His eyes were inscrutable; they searched the crowd and found Ti-Bou, father of the boy. Then, amazingly, the old man screwed up his face and suddenly grinned.

Ti-Bou blew out a breath and grinned back at him. All the old men grinned, forgetting they were old. When they looked toward the ridge again the running boy was gone from sight.

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Struggle of the emigrant farmer

by DIANA and GEORGE SPEAR

Twenty years ago Peter Lord dreamed of a farm of his own. He went to Australia, got a piece of land, worked it hard. Then came ruin, a fresh start—and determination to succeed

The Lords live in a primitive shack. All their money is in their farm

WHEN PETER LORD LEFT his Sussex birthplace twenty-two years ago, success was just around the corner. To-day, it still is. But, because he retains the faith in his own abilities, which has taken hundreds of other Britons to the corners of the Commonwealth, his is still a story of hope.

Lord was twenty when he migrated to Western Australia. He was happy about it. He was of solid farming stock. The reports said that wages were good, land cheap. Soon, he dreamed, he would own a farm of his own.

When he arrived, his dreams faded. Wages, in spite of what he had been told, were rock bottom. Conditions were worse. Grimly, Lord hired himself out. And at last he had saved enough to give himself a start. The bank agreed to help.

Lord bought a piece of land and worked on it from sunrise to dark. He lived in a lean-to with his stock. He planted his acres with wheat.

That was twenty years ago, and it was only the beginning. Yet Pete Lord's story is as valid a guide to newcomers now as it was then. Lord may no longer be a stranger in a strange land, but he is facing the same hardships and problems as any new immigrant on the soil.

Down But Not Out

For the depression came. Wheat prices pancaked over-night. Lord went under. He walked off his land, leaving it to the bank, and drifted with other failures to the gold fields. But when the dark times passed he turned his eyes back to the land.

Meanwhile he married and, living together in shacks with joined sugar-bags replacing missing walls, he and his wife saved what they could. At last they had enough to begin again.

But when the world went to war Pete Lord shelved his dreams once more and joined up. In the army he met others whose lives had followed the same pattern as his: early immigrants who had failed but who steadfastly refused to acknowledge themselves failures. They talked. They planned. Each one looked ahead to the time when he could make his fresh start.

The war over, Pete Lord totted up his assets. He had twenty years of hard experience in his adopted land. He had a wife, a family, some savings, a stout heart and plenty of confidence. He decided to try his luck, not at wheat this time, but at dairy farming.

In 1947, after a long search, he found Misty Glen, a 250-acre block amid thick, towering forests. It had passed through many hands. The undergrowth had been cleared from fifty-three acres and the great trees ringbarked. The rest was virgin forest.

The last owner had failed and walked off. Lord learned all the facts. This time he was certain of success. He had enough money to put down. The bank would advance three-fourths of the price of the land. Misty Glen was his chance of beginning again.

Roof Open To The Sky

There were difficulties to be overcome, but that was to be expected. There was, for example, no house, except for a primitive, tumbledown shanty with sections of the walls and roof open to the sky. Fifty, sometimes sixty, inches of rain would fall in the few winter months and his four children were still only babies.

With scraps of corrugated iron, ends of wood and, the never-failing ally, hessian bags, he patched the shanty into a temporary home and set up the vitally important rain-water tank.

His dream was of a herd of fine, healthy cows yielding rich milk, but, first, pastures had to be prepared to support them. A desolate, brown sea of bracken had crept across the fifty-three cleared acres, tall and strong and tangled. Burning would only encourage it into fresh, healthy life. It must be cut down, ploughed into the ground, not once but year after year until it was finally wiped out.

The few acres free of bracken would support the beginning of his herd. Four acres to one cow was the usual reckoning. But Pete Lord looked ahead. Too often, on other properties, he had seen cows gradually starve on poor pastures. The land, he insisted, must be improved before it could be planted for pasture.

The bank objected. He should start his herd quickly, produce milk and butterfat and begin to repay his debts. But Pete Lord was determined.

Many dairy farmers sow several crops of lupins and plough them in. He could not afford lupin seed. His success depended on his thrift as well as his sweat. He fell back on potatoes.

As an ex-Serviceman he managed to get a permit from the Growers' Association to grow two acres. For the cost of the seed potatoes and the fertilizer, he pledged the crop.

Pete Lord was resolved to succeed. Today, two years later, he is still confident. So is his wife.

The tumbledown shack is still their home, and the home of little David, Peter, Ann and Robbie. But on the other side of their land, where the ground slopes gently and pleasantly, they are building a new house. The timber had come from two large sheds they managed to buy.

The corrugated iron for the roof was part of a cowshed put up by a previous owner. And the chimney arches are relics of a deserted house, recovered and proudly brought many miles home. New materials are difficult to obtain. And they are costly.

The Lords have no money. Their all is sunk in their land. If they want a house they must build it themselves as best they can.

So in every spare minute Pete Lord works on the new house. By hurricane lamp he toils long after dark. And when two pairs of hands are needed, to lift the sheets of corrugated iron into place for the roof, or to support the beams of timber, he has only one mate—his wife.

No Plough Of His Own

The bracken still covers much of his land. Again and again he has cut it down to the ground. He has worked days on end for his nearest neighbour in return for a day's ploughing so that its pestilent roots could be ploughed in. (With no machinery of his own he must offer to work in return for every favour he needs.)

But bracken is only one of his enemies.

Last year he planted two acres of oats to help feed his stock. Kangaroos ate or trampled down the lot. Rabbits have devastated the vegetable garden he has tried to cultivate.

And all through the long, hot, dry days of the summer there is always the danger of that most disastrous of enemies—fire. Once already fire has swept down on them out of the forest. Then only a sudden blessed change of wind direction saved them.

In his second year the rains came early and ruined his potato crop. Alone, he worked up to his thighs in mud to salvage what he could. Much was lost. Some of the rest could only be fed to his own stock.

A Home—And A Garden

But Lord is not disheartened. In Misty Glen he sees more than a piece of land to be worked. He sees a home.

One day there will be a bright flower garden. The square before the house, covered now with bracken, will be an orchard. And beyond that there is a shady hollow.

The cows will never graze there. One day, when there is money to spare, daffodils, narcissi, primroses will be planted there to bloom at will—a reminder of his native Sussex.

Pete Lord believes he will succeed if his luck holds. His dreams are based on sheer, dogged hard work. If when he dies, he can pass on to his children a piece of good land and a healthy herd, he will have achieved his aim.

If he fails, he and his family will pack their possessions and walk off Misty Glen, just as, many years ago, he walked off the land that was to have been his wheat farm. He will have cleared more acres, thinned the bracken, felled trees, improved the soil, and built a house. He will have added value to the property. The price will be higher to the next buyer.

Pete Lord's story is the accepted way of life of the little man of the soil in this vast young country of Western Australia. He build's hopes . . . fails . . . begins again.

One day he must succeed.

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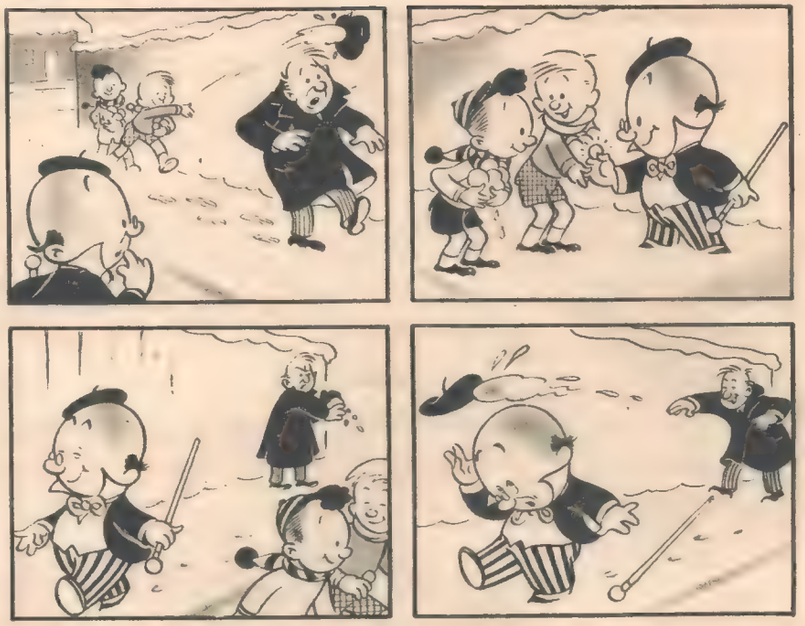
by David Hand



A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from page 12

narrow archway abutting the Rector's Palace. She hated Englishmen.

Over the heads of the few people who were standing at his little stall buying fish, Sandro saw Yelitsa come towards him. For a moment their eyes met and he knew that everything was all right.

Ignoring the other women, he wrapped some fish in an old copy of the *Narodne List* and handed the parcel to Yelitsa as she came to the end of the table.

"Tulio is at home. He has had the old pains again"—he smacked with one hand against the loose folds of his blue shirt, and the brown leonine face crinkled into a smile above the thick beard. "Give him something good to eat."

"Tulio eats too much." She took the parcel and turned away, going through the archway into the main piazza and along the wide stradone towards the far end of the town. She turned left and, mounting a long flight of shallow, cobbled steps, came out into a small square in front of a church at the top of the rise. The square was of hard, pressed earth, and a few children played in it.

She turned down the Ulica Jesac, a narrow alleyway, darkened by the houses that towered along it, steep cliff sides of flaking plaster and paint, and jutting balconies crowded with lines of drab washing, and plants growing in old tins.

The Venetti family lived in a four-roomed flat at the top of one of the houses. Yelitsa went up the dark stairs and let herself into the main room which was living-room and kitchen. Its one window looked out at the bare wall of the opposite house. The light was feeble, its strength filtered through the growth of plants on the balcony.

Tulio was sitting at the wooden table, his feet on a chair, one hand scratching at the stubble on his chin as he read a coverless book.

"Yelitsa!" He was surprised. "You were coming tomorrow." He got up slowly.

"The superintendent altered the days."

She put the fish down on the table and slipped the shawl from her shoulders. As she dropped it to a chair Tulio took her by the shoulders and kissed her. She knew what he wanted but made no move to recognize it.

After a moment she pulled away from him and without a word began to unfasten the cloth bundle she had brought. Tulio leaned against the wall by the charcoal range and watched her. He was a heavy-faced man of about forty, blue-jowled and with a thin, overgrown body. Tulio read every paper, every book he could get, but he was stupid—the words, the information, went into him and disappeared.

Yelitsa brought out four eggs, a piece of bacon, a bottle of olive oil, some pimento and a slab of bread which, although not white, was whiter than any bread the townspeople could buy.

Tulio came to the table. "They eat well at the orphanage. It's a pity we couldn't arrange to be orphans."

"The children of fallen partisans have a right to it." She said it curtly.

"All children have a right to it."

"Do you want to eat . . . now?" When they had first married—after Luca had gone away—it had given her pleasure to serve him. He was always hungry, for food and for her, and some primitive response in her had always found her ready to satisfy him. When Luca had come back Tulio had been too stupid to see the reluctance in her.

"For the food there's no hurry. But I'm hungry." He laughed as he said it, and reached out for her. The hard stubble of his chin pressed against her cheek as he rubbed his face against hers and she felt the tips of his teeth close gently on her ear. She held herself against it and caught at his hand as it reached across her body. Tulio picked her up suddenly. As his hand slipped to a hold against the warm flesh of her leg, he laughed.

"Yelitsa. . . . What's the matter? Aren't you hungry, too?"

With his hand on her, the stale smell of tobacco and fish from his clothes touching her nostrils with a new repugnance, she knew she had to have time, time for something which had taken possession of her mind. She bit his shoulder through the cloth of his coat and he dropped her, standing back. Something in his manner, the hurt expression of a small boy suddenly withheld from pleasure, made her laugh and through her laughter she said hoarsely:

"The superintendent chose the wrong day. If you are hungry then you must eat. It is not my fault."

Tulio looked at her stupidly for a moment, and then as he understood he

Continued on page 30

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(1990)

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Feb. 25 and in JOHN BULL dated March 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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OTHER AWARDS: £10: J. Evans, Bryn Dona, near Beaumaris, Anglesey, N. Wales: THE PRIZES OF LIFE—FOR "CONDUCT," NOT "ATTENDANCE." £10: A. J. Mace, 71 Roslyn Road, Adswood, Stockport: IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE—"CONQUER SPACE" *Inside Stomachs*! £5: Mrs. M. Furmage, "Lydham," Higher Charminster, Dorchester: INDUSTRY'S JAILER—*And* THE "ROBBER," OFFICIALDOM. £5: W. E. Hawes, Plummer's Hill, Wells, Norfolk: BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—IN MAN, *No* FAIRY-TALE! £5: Mrs. E. Mitchell, 59 Leighton Road, Cheltenham, Glos: BIGGER MAN—STALIN LOOKED, BESIDE CHURCHILL. £5: Mrs. A. E. Taylor, 622 Saffron Lane, Leicester: THE DAY WILL COME WHEN—VILLAGE STAGE ELECTRICIAN'S FOUND! £5: Mrs. E. Thompson, 30 Seventh Avenue, Clipstone, near Mansfield: THE TIGHT-ROPE OF LIFE—I'M WALKING—SHE'S DRIVING! Above £10 and £5 winners each also receives New Year Hamper.

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XWORD 664 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Experts. 6, Parks. 9, Horses. 11, Breed. 13, Pal. 14, Past. DOWN: 1, Expend. 2, Pardon. 3, Rush. 4, Tang or Vang. 5, Shows. 7, Colds. 8, Dome. 10, Way. 12, Hit or Wit.

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ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

In Britannia's House	Never Knew
Result Of The Election	It's Murder, But
What They'll Do Next	Dancing
Strikes	No Angel
The Olive-branch	In A Glorious Muddle
On Life's River	
Must Be Faced	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Those Tears	
Got Auntie's Vote	
Fire Of Youth	.....Of The Nation
Her One And Only	A Broken.....
Around Him	The.....We Get
Father Spoke And	"That's My.....!"
Upset Our Candidate	Felt Quite.....
By Happy Chance	Way The.....Went

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 669

3. This needs exercises before it is good enough to pass muster
5. Smart one may compel one's admiration at a race meeting
6. Car drivers should keep on the watch for them
7. In an economic crisis shares go up and down in this
8. There are many times when one isn't allowed to smoke
14. Many a man may be sadly misjudged because of his
15. The keeping of wine is associated with this

Down Clues

1. The longer they are, the less popular they're likely to be
2. One is sometimes accompanied by misgiving
4. It doesn't follow that business man making this during current year is worried by it
9. Even the poorest kiddies probably had this to eat at Christmas
10. Is very often relied on as a kind of cushion
11. Furtive one is not uncommon
12. May be found in pickle or in stew
13. Victim of street accident requires

£100 AND FOOD PARCELS FOR THIS XWORD

■	1	■	2	■	3	R	I	L	4	L
5	O	G	U	E	■	O	N	■		
■	U	■	6	N	O	■	I	C	E	S
7	R	I	C	E	■	■	O	N	S	
■	S	O	H	■	8	9	A	G	■	■
10	■	N	■	11	■	■	■	■	12	
A	I	S	L	E	■	P	A	W	N	
D	N	■	■	E	13	A	L	■	A	I
■	C	O	W	R	I	E	■	■	D	O
14	A	C	E	669	■	■	15	■	I	N

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps, covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated February 18.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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No.		1s.
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(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

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669 Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 6.

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.....

A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from page 28

swore. He turned away and kicked childishly at the chair by the table.

"Go out and get a drink. While you're gone I will cook."

He picked up his book and a cloth cap and stood for a moment at the door. He smiled at her, his disappointment accepted stoically.

"When we get to Italy you'll stay at home."

He went out and she turned to the preparation of the food. But in her movement from the fireplace to the sink against the window wall, her eye was caught by a plush-framed family group: Sandro and his now dead wife, Carlotta, and the two boys; Tulio with his dark hair plastered across his forehead in a cowlick and Luca with one hand holding a sailing boat.

She stared at the photograph, at Luca, as though for a moment she felt she could get some response from him, but the round, unusually solemn face stared back at her without expression. Anger darkened her sullen eyes as she moved away.

When the Englishman had arrived Sandro had decided to go back to Italy. She had never wanted to go. This was her country, she was happy here—but Luca wanted to go. Because of him she had been willing to go, too. Once in Italy, Luca would take her away from Tulio for good.

But now Luca was dead, and the simple emotional demands of her nature determined what she would do. Luca's death should be revenged.

This done, then the whole business of a flight to Italy would be stopped. Sandro and Tulio would never know the truth, but they would stay here, and in time—the logic of her peasant mind faced the future frankly—Luca would be a memory and she would be content with what Tulio could offer.

She went into her bedroom and from a box in the yellow wardrobe took out a packet of cheap blue letter paper, a pen and a bottle of ink. She put them on the small bamboo table by the window, rolling back the white, lace-edged cloth in case she spilled ink. Very deliberately, and with a concentration and stiff dedication of the whole of her body, for this was no easy exercise to her, she began to write, disguising her hand as best she could. "*. . . the Englishman is not dead. He is hiding in Lokrum in a hut at the north end.*"

When she had finished she sealed the note into an envelope and returned the materials to the wardrobe. Then she slid the envelope into the top of one of her thick black stockings, pinning it safely through the paper to the thick selvedge that stretched around her thigh.

As she went out into the main room she heard the heavy step of Sandro coming up the stairs.

To be continued next week

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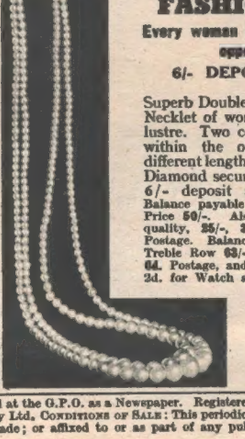

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Cadbury's own recipe

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

3 tablesps. sweetened condensed or evaporated milk · 4 tablesps. water
3 oz. sugar · 1 good dessertsp. Bournville Cocoa
½ oz. margarine · 1 teasp. vanilla essence

Put all the ingredients into a 6" saucepan. Warm gently until the sugar is dissolved, then boil briskly about 12 minutes. Stir the fudge continuously and reduce the heat a little towards the end of the cooking when the mixture will become very thick. Test in the same way as toffee. Then remove the pan from the heat and well beat the fudge until it is almost setting. Pour it quickly into a greased tin and mark into squares before it sets.

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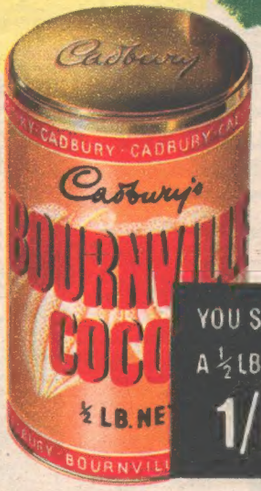

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